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Mr. Ku Klux Klan Goes to Washington

Thomas Szasz: *No Liberty for Kids?*

NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT

By Nicholas von Hoffman

A report from the barnyard of CAMPAIGN 80

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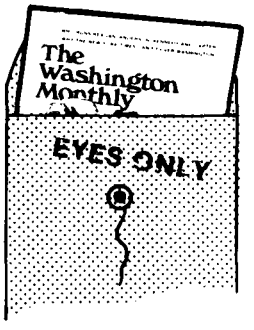

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OCTOBER 27, 1980

Nobody for President

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN **p. 15**

Worried about Saint John, Bonzo Ronnie and President Jim Bob? Forget it. Many of the nation's finest hours have ticked away without a great leader.

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A WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER

AS THE CAMPAIGN winds down, Americans have discovered that they've been treated to yet another nondebate on the basic issues. Reagan has edged ever closer to Carter on economic questions, and Carter has tried to preempt Reagan's "tough" foreign policy. Anderson, meanwhile, has had all the depth and appeal of a high-school principal of the preachier sort. In this issue, Nicholas von Hoffman reports on 1980's carnival of buncombe with a disgust nearly matching our own, and Earl Ravenal examines one of the many key questions untouched in the campaign: whether NATO can or should continue to the end of time. Anyone interested in the story of the American Right of bygone days, which would have hooted an itchy globalist like Reagan off the stage, should read Murray Rothbard's lead review in our book section.

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RES PUBLICA

The Venereal Presidency . . .

■ [Reagan campaign aide Lyn] Nofziger accused "the White House" of starting a rumor last week that the Republican presidential nominee suffered a heart attack.

"I'll tell you who started it," Nofziger was quoted as saying. "The White House. Now I'm going to start another rumor. Write this. Jimmy Carter has the clap."

Asked about the remark, [press secretary Jody] Powell, campaigning with Carter in New Jersey, said, "It had left a little to be desired in terms of taste. In other words, it was tasteless."

—*San Francisco Chronicle, Sept. 10, 1980*

. . . The Anal Presidency

■ A soft and ample paunch thrust pugnaciously over the armrest of my seat on Ronald Reagan's campaign plane. It belonged to the governor's long time aide and crony, Lyn Nofziger, who has the permanently dishevelled look of a Bowery bum.

Nofziger was exuberant: "We've got the White House on the run. We hit them on the Middle East last night. Then before they knew what to say we hit them with the 'stealth bomber.' Those assholes don't know where to turn."

—*Sunday Times (London), Sept. 7, 1980*

Drinking more orange juice might help

■ An article in the June issue [of the *East West Journal*] found homosexuality to be the result of improper diet: "The lack of attraction for the opposite sex that dairy food promotes is also playing a large part in the increasing number of gay men and women in the United States. In these cases, dairy food tends to work in conjunction with meat and eggs in the case of lesbianism, and with sugar in the case of male homosexuality. Both of these developments, however, can be reversed if the person involved wishes to change his or her diet."

—*Boston Phoenix, Sept. 9, 1980*

But does he do windows?

■ President Carter's mother, Miss Lillian, said Tuesday night she would not be upset if her son lost the election and returned to his hometown in Georgia because he would be able to help her clean up her yard.

"Jimmy's good at that (cleaning the yard)," Mrs. Carter said in an interview on NBC. "I would like him to, because it's hard to get anyone any more."

She said her son would also be able to clean up the gutters in her roof.

—*Los Angeles Times, Aug. 13, 1980*

Reach out and tap someone

■ The Central Intelligence Agency tirelessly guards against penetration of the agency by foreign spies. But gaining access to certain CIA information isn't all that difficult if you have a friend at the telephone company.

New York Telephone Co., for one, efficiently tracks the dates, area codes and telephone numbers of all long-distance calls originating from the CIA field office in mid-Manhattan—just as it does for any other customer. . . .

In one busy period, the CIA placed long-distance calls to scientists or executives at facilities of a half-dozen corporations that are active in the foreign marketplace, including International Business Machines Corp., Singer Co. and Allied Chemical Corp.

The phone traffic from the CIA number to Allied Chemical in Morristown, N.J., was especially heavy. The Allied executives involved are incredulous about the leak.

"You must be kidding!" exclaims one executive whose number appears on the monthly bill. "You mean this stuff is getting out?"

"Holy Moses!" says Bryan Grace, a marketing manager. "I just can't believe it!"

A third executive is particularly angry. "Those dumbbells!" he explodes, "I've had it with them."

—*Wall Street Journal, Sept. 8, 1980*

Hell to freeze over, turtles to sing

■ Leaders of the ousted Cambodian regime—generally regarded as brutal, ultra-revolutionary and fearful of foreigners—say they would respect personal freedom, no longer consider socialism their goal and move closer to the West if they are returned to power.

—*Miami Herald, Aug. 21, 1980*

A fowl shake

■ Sensing the positive vibrations, Mr. Carter plunged into the crowd, reaching over the shoulders of his Secret Service agents for every available hand. When one vendor thrust a raw chicken drumstick toward him, the President shook that, too, and somehow managed to mask his surprise.

—*New York Times, Sept. 4, 1980*

Poetic license

■ In his stirring speech Kennedy spoke of the "golden friends" he had during his campaign and mentioned two of them who, he said, symbolized the poverty of many Americans. One was Kenny Dubois: "I have listened to Kenny Dubois, a glass-blower . . . but he has lost his job after 35 years, just three years short of qualifying for his pension," said Kennedy. Obviously he didn't listen hard enough. Dubois in fact is a glass-cutter who was only out of work for one month and enjoys a pension from his old job of 135 dollars a month. "Senator Kennedy probably didn't understand me correctly," he said.

The other was 70-year-old Iowa farmer Leonard Trachta: "I have listened to the Trachta family who farm in Iowa and who wonder whether they can pass the good life and the good earth on to their children." Trachta wonders no such thing. "I'm not poor," he said. "This farm is worth about 800,000 dollars and you ought to see the crops this year."

—*Sunday Times (London), Aug. 17, 1980*

Ask a silly question

■ An American journalist walking in a Kampala street near dusk the other day saw a teen-age boy trying to steal a car. A Ugandan policeman saw it, too. The policeman shot and killed the boy.

"Why did you do that?" the American asked.

The policeman said: "We can't have people ignoring law and order."

—*New York Times, Aug. 29, 1980*

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Time for Zbig change

Fire Brzezinski now!

BACK IN THE 1930S, TADEUSZ Brzezinski was Poland's ambassador to the Soviet Union. It was a bloody time there, with constant purges, and Tadeusz decided to leave his wife and three children at home. Soon the Iranian ambassador to Poland took an interest in Mrs. Brzezinski, and finally he proposed. She declined: "I'm a Catholic and I have a husband."

"You'll get divorced," the Iranian replied.

"This is Poland," she reminded him. "I can't get divorced."

"Then, it's very simple," countered the Iranian. "I'll poison your husband."

Mrs. Brzezinski refused this kind offer, and these days her son Zbigniew loves to recount the story. "It might have changed my life," he says, "because maybe by now I would be a member of the Ayatollah Khomeini's government."

Ah, that it were so! If we could only come up with some Rod Serlingesque device that would enable us to travel back in time and remedy this cosmic error, it would be all the revenge anyone could ever ask for the seizure of the hostages.

For in a Carter administration that has been populated largely with drunks, fools, louts, religious zealots, and drug dealers, Brzezinski has clearly been the bottom of the barrel. His record as Carter's national security adviser is one long call for intervention, anywhere and everywhere, to protect "vital American interests." Other Carter aides may be boorish and offensive; Brzezinski is dangerous. With the election approaching, let us reflect on some of Zbig's finer moments:

—*The Horn of Africa.* This one might be funny if it weren't so frightening. Initially the Soviets were friendly to the regime in Somalia, and the United States was selling military equipment to Ethiopia. But the Somalis soured on the USSR and finally kicked the Russians out, while the Ethiopian regime grew more radical and finally severed relations with the United States. At this point in early 1978 the Carter administration decided to arm the Somalis—why let ideology get in the way of a good fight?—and they promptly invaded Ethiopia. The stricken Ethiopians quickly asked for, and got, Soviet arms and Cuban troops. Brzezinski was outraged by this "foreign intervention" (theirs, not ours) and argued forcefully that we ought to send a naval task force to the area to straighten things out. The idea lacked appeal even to the Pentagon, which fortunately scuttled it. Shortly afterward, Brzezinski complained to Elizabeth Drew of the *New Yorker* that "The leadership of the sixties was always thinking about Munich. Now there is a generation worried by Vietnam, with consequences of self-imposed paralysis."

Brzezinski clearly does not include himself in the group that was "traumatized" by our experience in Indochina. In 1968, for instance, he said that "we must make it clear to the enemy that we have the staying power—we're willing to continue for thirty years and we happen to be richer and more powerful," adding that to withdraw would be to "chicken out." Now certainly many U.S. policymakers were wrong about Vietnam, and we might be able to forgive and forget this sort of remark, except that as recently as 1977 Brzezinski insisted that he had no apologies. "It makes me puke how some others who were strong supporters of the war are rewriting history," he said. Clearly Ronald Reagan is not the only fellow who sees that war as a "noble cause."

—*Zaire.* By the time Katangan rebels invaded Zaire in 1978, Brzezinski had learned a thing or two, and dropped the notion of a bulky and inconvenient naval task force. This time he merely suggested using American transports to fly in Moroccan troops and urged Carter to link the SALT talks to the situation in Zaire although there was little evidence to suggest the Soviets were involved. At about the same time, he suggested arming dissident factions in nearby Angola in order to "bleed" the Cuban troops in the country. That the Angolans would have wound up doing most of the bleeding bothered him not a bit.

—*Yemen.* By 1979 Zbig had reverted to form, and was far more successful. He demanded—and got—a naval show of strength in the Persian Gulf in response to a minor border squabble between Yemen and South Yemen. Then for good measure he demanded—and got—seventy military advisers and some $381 million worth of weapons for Yemen, one of our critical allies.

—*Iran.* When William H. Sullivan, the last U.S. ambassador to Iran, recently accused Brzezinski of having counseled the shah, until the very end, to use the army to crush the revolution, it hardly came as a surprise. Brzezinski, after all, long advocated the use of Iran as a "regional influential" that would enforce the whims of U.S. policy in the Persian Gulf area. According to Sullivan, Brzezinski was so enamored of this approach that even after the shah had left Iran, and the country's armed forces were in open revolt against their officers, Zbig called the U.S. embassy in Tehran to ask if a military coup could be arranged. No wonder his files are off-limits to government researchers preparing a secret report on U.S. conduct in Iran. (And he still likes that "regional influential" idea; most recently he's been talking up—of all places—Iraq.)

—*Cuba.* In the most laughable of Brzezinski's various idiocies, he insisted that the 2000 Soviet technicians and advisers that the CIA "discovered" in Cuba (a mere seventeen years after they had been deployed there) were a military threat to the United States. Oddly enough, Zbig didn't consider the 2300 American military personnel at Guantanamo Bay a military threat to the Cubans. He spoke darkly of "consequences," and indeed two days later the *New York Times* indicated American officials were considering "countermeasures along the borders of the Soviet Union" as well as increased military aid to China. This last is Brzezinski's favorite ploy, which he advocates anytime anyone sneezes in the Ukraine.

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The list goes on and on. Brzezinski was the architect of Carter's peculiar "human rights" foreign policy in which we scorned countries that mistreated their people and favored the humanitarian leaders of Haiti, South Korea, Brazil, Iran, and Nicaragua. (Zbig was so inspired by the shining example Somoza set for the world that he tried to get the OAS to send a "peacekeeping" force to Nicaragua to fight the Sandinistas.)

Brzezinski thinks the MX missile is a nifty gimmick. He brags in interviews that one of his greatest achievements is freeing the CIA to engage in covert activities. He complains that "not embarking on a defense buildup" is a "Pollyanna-ish signal" and the USSR "might conclude that we're weak." Appearing weak to the Soviet Union is just one cut above eating babies in Brzezinski's book. His paranoia about the USSR knows no bounds; when the Soviets announced that they were withdrawing a substantial number of troops and tanks from East Germany last year, Brzezinski speculated publicly that it was part of a Russki plot to upset Western defense plans. He cares not a whit about aggression by any other country, not even a communist one, but the merest hint of any action remotely connected to the Soviets will provoke him to call for sending in the marines—even to countries like Yemen, Zaire, Somalia, or Angola that haven't the remotest value to the defense of the United States. And Brzezinski is one of the chief advocates of a rapid deployment force, which would permit American involvement in even more obscure parts of the globe.

Brzezinski's Russophobia has had serious consequences. It played a large part in the demise of SALT II, which the Soviets delayed in anger over U.S. recognition of China—an anger Brzezinski anticipated and sought. Eventually the treaty became hopelessly mired in election year politics. And when the Soviets claim we're plotting against them in Afghanistan, they can hardly be blamed; when the national security adviser poses with a Chinese-made rifle at the border and tells Afghan refugees to return and fight because "God is on your side," what else are they to think?

The prospects for a more peaceful world hardly look promising no matter who wins the upcoming election. But if Jimmy Carter is reelected, he ought to remember one of his original 1976 campaign promises: a foreign policy "as good and honest and decent and truthful and fair and compassionate—and filled with love—as the American people are." To us that sounds like a fine prescription for returning Zbigniew Brzezinski to an obscure and harmless life in academia. ❏

A choice, not an echo

Why not the wackiest?

ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE, THE shameful, cynical Nicholas von Hoffman would have you believe that we must elect a complete blockhead to the White House again this year. But it just isn't so; there are alternatives to Carter, Reagan, and Anderson.

Consider, if you will, casting your ballot for Weston B. Wetherell of Wheaton, Illinois. Wetherell, a musician and salesman, promises that if he's elected there will be a blender in every American kitchen. "'Blenders for votes' is my campaign theme," he says. "I'll be giving away blenders to everyone who votes for me. I've already applied for the bank loan to cover the cost." Notice that Wetherell, in an age of lowered expectations, promises only blenders and not Cuisinarts. (And listen, this man is no single-issue crazy; his platform also contains an unconditional pledge of amnesty for college loans.) Like anyone who puts forth a new idea, Wetherell is being ruthlessly persecuted; he's having trouble getting on the ballot around the country. "Even my own mother wouldn't sign my petition," he explains ruefully. "She was afraid she'd get in trouble."

No, we are *not* making this up. The visionary Wetherell is just one of several hundred candidates for the presidency who have dutifully registered with the Federal Election Commission, which seems to have some useful purpose after all. If not for the FEC, how would we have ever heard of Robert Cotner, for instance, whose main campaign promise is to rent U.S. military forces out around the world? Cotner argues quite sensibly that we'd put some money in the treasury without having to raise taxes, and at the same time we'd be too busy doing business to get into any dangerous foreign entanglements of our own. Before you get too enthusiastic about Cotner's chances, however, it's only fair to warn you that he might not be available for the presidency; he's currently appealing a fifteen-year prison sentence for selling marijuana in Tulsa.

The best thing about some of these lesser-known candidates is their candor; unexposed to the harsh glare of the national media, they haven't learned how to lie yet. Donald Badgley is a sixty-one-year-old retired insurance salesman from Poughkeepsie, New York, who besides not having a lot of money is also blind and diabetic. It would seem Badgley is involved in rather an uphill struggle, and when reporters ask why he's doing it, he says God told him to. "I thought it was ridiculous at the time," Badgley says disarmingly. "But you know the people are always looking for an unknown quantity, and I'm as unknown as anyone."

Then there's Nell K. Fiola of Burnsville, Minnesota. "If people won't relate to me as President," she warns, "they'll have to relate to me in other ways. I control the weather." Lest you interpret that as a threat, Fiola reassures us that her campaign and indeed her very presence on the earth reveal great benevolence. "I can travel in space at will," she explains. "So I have to force myself to stay in the world, here on a backward planet, with backward minds . . . with poor lost souls like Jimmy Carter and his street-corner religion."

Now if it seems to you that a candidate without a party is not really out to have a lasting influence on the infrastructure of American politics, but is merely on a merry ego trip, then you ought to check out some of the parties that have registered with the FEC. There's a Little People Party based in Fort Smith, Arkansas—assuming the air force has not obliterated Arkansas by the time you read this. In California, there's A Party for Everyone Who Hates Parties, as well as a Committee for People Who Won't Vote. And in Rockaway Park, New York, they've formed the Committee to Draft Fred Silverman for President, an idea which probably couldn't make the government any worse, and would certainly improve television. There's also the Exhume George Patton for President Party in Virginia, and the Buy a Dinner for Tom Stood Committee, which says it will use any money it raises to buy a dinner for its founder and chief advocate, Tom Stood.

So who says democracy doesn't work? Who says America isn't as great as it used to be? When you go to the polls, remember the ringing words of Weston B. Wetherell: "I promise, if elected, I'll go to Washington and shut up. If anyone gets mad at me, I'll resign and just take the pension." ❏

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LETTERS

Letters to the editor should be addressed to INQUIRY Magazine, 747 Front St., San Francisco, California 94111. The editors reserve the right to edit letters for length when necessary.

Who are the Luddites here?

LIKE ALL OF OUR PRESIdential candidates, *INQUIRY* has demonstrated, in its September 22 piece on the no-nukes syndrome, a talent for shooting itself in the foot. Or at least a Neanderthal logic below the usual *INQUIRY* standard.

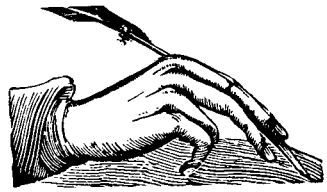
Almost nobody in this sophisticated age—except a Luddite perhaps—writes a pronuclear tract without referring once to the no-nukes crowd's best single argument that turns on risk—namely, the question of what *does* happen to those lethal wastes.

Nor have you dealt accurately with the government question, for without a massive underwriting by the federal government back when nuclear power plants were but twinkles in the eye of the large oil companies, there would be no nuclear power industry today. And to deny that there could be any connection between a corporation like Kerr-McGee's uranium mining and plutonium production facilities for the manufacture of *both* bombs and nuclear power seems at best naive, particularly with the federal government so thoroughly in the act.

Finally, you discuss the glories of technology as if it were the nineteenth century still and you had rediscovered God. Surely your reading of history is broad enough to have come across instances of technological misuse. To blindly endorse any and all technological innovations, particularly one like nuclear power, which has been so heavily subsidized by government, is to proceed, Luddite-style, backward rather than forward in time.

ANNE B. ZILL
Washington, D.C.

It's quite true that the nuclear power industry has received massive subsidies from the federal government. So has the interstate highway system, but that doesn't mean that the only moral thing to do is to blow up every freeway in the United States. There should be no new subsidies, but that doesn't solve the problem of what to do with the already existing nuclear facilities. As for waste disposal, the technology is well-known and easily available; it is a process known as "vitrification," already in use in France, in which the waste is enclosed in large ceramic tubes, encased in concrete blocks, and buried in arid areas. The only thing preventing its use here is the hysteria surrounding the entire nuclear issue; for some reason, antinuclear activists think it's more desirable to keep the waste sitting around unburied and vulnerable, and, of course, emitting radiation all the while.—EDITORS



Small is beautiful

I'M SURE OTHER READERS will have remarked that the astuteness that characterizes your magazine seems to have failed you with regard to the nuclear industry pitch.

"The bracing discipline of the free market" as applied to any monopoly would seem to be a bit paradoxical. Even if the industry did allow the repeal of Price-Anderson—which will occur when pigs learn to fly—and even if we forgive it the many billions of government investment in research and development and abandon all safety regulation (described as "NRC controls and red tape"), what banker would be so reckless as to advance the funds, and what community so mad as to admit such a dangerous neighbor?

A modern power company is by definition a government agency, whether it is publicly or privately owned. It could not function without the seizure of private property by eminent domain and the protection of its monopoly by the courts. It follows that a libertarian would look at big power with suspicion, and would be far more hospitable toward the ideas of environmentalists who favor small, local, and even individual power generation as much as practicable.

JOHN L. HESS
New York, N.Y.

If all industries regulated by the government are "by definition" government agencies, then truly we already live under pure socialism. But we think Mr. Hess exaggerates. If government franchises are removed, privately owned utilities will be just as capable of competing on the market as other kinds of companies. Let's free the market of government controls and then see if "small is beautiful."—EDITORS

Cults and the First Amendment

AS A LOYAL READER OF *INQUIRY*, I was proud to see my name and my work mentioned in "A demonology of cults" by Dick Anthony and Thomas Robbins [September 1].

I did not mind that the reference was a disapproving one. Indeed, I did not mind that your columnists misquoted my 1979 *New West* piece on cults and the courts, wrongly implying that my words (". . . it is a law that ignores certain grotesque truths . . .") referred to the First Amendment, when in fact I was referring plainly and explicitly to ". . . the law that punishes the parent and the deprogrammer if they are unsuccessful."

But I *did* mind that they spelled my name wrong.

JONATHAN KIRSCH
Los Angeles, Calif.

ANTHONY and ROBBINS reply: We humbly apologize for misspelling Mr. Kirsch's name. However, we do not feel that our piece misrepresented his basic position, i.e., that courts should consider tolerating deprogramming because the example of Jonestown shows that cults are dangerous. Kirsch says that his phrase "a law that ignores certain grotesque truths that have become self-evident" refers to "the law that punishes the parent and the deprogrammer." So Kirsch is clearly defending deprogramming and in our view being cavalier about the First Amendment's guarantee of free exercise of religion, which underlies the reluctance of some courts to legitimate deprogramming, alleged self-evident truths notwithstanding. In contrast, our position is that it is not what Kirsch labels "the glib vocabulary of human rights" (New West, Dec. 17, 1979), but rather the glib evocation of "brainwashing" as an explanation for religious conversions, which should be reconsidered. ❏

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THOMAS SZASZ

The ACLU vs. Walter Polovchak

THE CASE OF WALTER Polovchak, the twelve-year-old immigrant who has sought asylum in America though his father wanted to take him back to the Ukraine, must by now be familiar to most readers. Still, a few facts—some of them overlooked, others deliberately obscured—must be underlined to permit an informed and intelligent debate about this important real-life drama in Chicago.

Michael and Anna Polovchak came to Chicago in January 1980, bringing with them their three children: Natalie, seventeen; Walter, twelve; and Michael, who was six. It took two years of pleadings and persistence—on the part of Michael in Russia and his relatives in America—before the Polovchak family succeeded in obtaining permission to leave. According to one account, for at least eight years the Polovchaks had planned to come to America. If so, all of young Walter's life, as far back as he could remember, would be filled with memories of a family dream of settling in the United States.

But no sooner did Michael Polovchak arrive in Chicago than he decided to return to the Ukraine. Six months later he acted on his dissatisfaction: He contacted the Soviet embassy in Washington and set the wheels moving toward going home. Walter, fearing that he would be taken to Russia by force, ran away from home on July 15 with his sister to stay with a twenty-four-year-old cousin who is a computer engineer. Walter's cousin, lawyer, and clergyman all maintain that when Walter insisted on staying, Michael intended to leave him here until the Soviet embassy told him the boy would have to return too.

Why do the Polovchaks want to go back to Russia? Anna Polovchak, 38, who had a job as a cleaning woman in a Chicago hospital, told the *Chicago Tribune* she wants to go home because "My stomach hurts. The water is bad. . . . The climate is bad." In the words of a Russian-speaking reporter for the *Tribune* who interviewed the Polovchaks: "Why he [Michael] wants to go back is unclear. In his apartment on Sunday, Polovchak blamed Chicago's climate, and then changed the subject. To friends and relatives he has talked about the 'bad air' here and complained that he was being poisoned by chemicals in the food. 'It doesn't matter why I want to go,' he said. 'Who is to say why someone comes and goes?'"

Fearing he'd be taken to Russia by force, Walter ran away from home with his sister Natalie.

An interview with Michael Polovchak's sister, Mrs. Anastasia Junko, shed some light on this question. Mrs. Junko, who lives in Los Angeles, had been instrumental in helping her brother and his family come to the United States and has helped them financially since they arrived in January. According to her, "He [Michael] hadn't seen the light of one whole day here, and he announced that he wanted to go back. . . . I was so mad that I told him to go right ahead then." Michael Olshansky, a Chicago man from Michael's home town in the western Ukraine who was interviewed by the *Tribune*, offered this explanation for Michael Polovchak's decision to return to Russia: There "he was a bus driver. He went from station to station, stopping for a drink or a smoke. He could sell things; there is a black market where people cannot move about and buy things themselves, so they buy from people who come through. Now he works in a factory and feels like a soldier. He sees how hard people work for their money. So he wants to go back."

This, then is how matters stood at the end of July: Michael and Anna Polovchak were going home and were taking their six-year-old son with them. Natalie, seventeen, was staying, and neither the parents nor the Soviet authorities objected. The controversy swirled around Walter; he wanted to stay but his parents wanted to take him back. Like all important moral dilemmas, the Polovchak case thus presented the courts with a conflict between two "rights": a father's right to control his son, and the son's right to protection from forced repatriation to the Soviet Union.

After Walter and Natalie ran away from their parents, they were placed in the custody of the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services. Then, at the request of a lawyer retained to represent him, Walter was granted asylum by the Immigration and Naturalization Service, which allowed him to stay in America for one year. On August 4, 1980, juvenile court judge Joseph C. Mooney placed Walter and Natalie in the care of their aunt and uncle, Maria and Demetri Gusiev, pending further investigation and another custody trial in September. Tass, the official Soviet news agency, called these developments a "fresh provocation [and] a violation of all moral and human principles," and charged that the children of *all* foreign families in the United States are now threatened by the same fate that befell Michael and Anna Polovchak.

ONE OF THE MOST REMARKABLE aspects of this remarkable case has been the involvement of the American Civil Liberties Union in it. On the face of it, one would think that there was no reason for the ACLU to get involved. Here, at least, the state did not threaten anyone's *liberty*: All of the Polovchaks enjoyed all of the freedoms of America, and when Walter was threatened with forced repatriation, the INS promptly granted him asylum. Why, then, did the ACLU get involved? More specifically, why did the ACLU come into the case fighting for Michael Polovchak's authority to take Walter back with him to Russia rather than for Walter's right to protection from forced repatriation?

As a rule, the services of attorneys are solicited by the parties engaged in a liti-

THOMAS SZASZ is a contributing editor of INQUIRY. His latest book, Sex by Prescription, *has just been published by Doubleday.*

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gation or by their representatives. This is not what happened in the case of the Polovchaks. At a press conference on July 28, 1980, Jay Miller, executive director of the Illinois Chapter of the ACLU, announced that his group *volunteered* to represent Michael and Anna Polovchak in "seeking to regain custody of their twelve-year-old son so they can take him back to the Soviet Union."

That the ACLU volunteered to intervene in this case was stupid. That it intervened on the side of the Polovchak parents was ugly. That it intervened for the reasons it gave was evil. What were those reasons? Explained ACLU staff lawyer Lois Lipton: "I don't think we can presume that a twelve-year-old knows what is best for him and then summarily withdraw his parents' rights." This position was the same, almost verbatim, as that of the Russians. "Our position," said Valentin Kamenev, a counselor at the Soviet embassy in Washington, "is that a twelve-year-old should not be able to tell his parents what he wants to do. He does what they say."

This is not the way the ACLU saw the conflict. "The real issue here," said Richard Mandel, the ACLU lawyer who represented the parents in court, "is whether the state has the right to interfere in the rights of a parent to say where his child will live. In the suburbs of Chicago, 20 percent of parents move each year. How many twelve-year-olds don't want to move? But the state doesn't intervene in those cases."

This "explanation" borders on being an outright lie. The issue involved in this case is not that Walter doesn't care to move to another city, but the brutal fact that the Soviet Union is a closed society with an emigration policy that is not like that of every other country. Thus, it is not any presumption about Walter Polovchak that needs to be demolished, but rather the ACLU's presumption that Michael Polovchak's decision to move back to Russia with his son is like any other father's decision to move to any other place. (In fact, a strong case could be made—although I will not attempt to do so here—for protecting a twelve-year-old child's right to "divorce" his parents and to choose to live with others.)

Ironically, it was a seventeen-year-old girl who left Russia only seven months ago who reminded the court of matters that the ACLU should have considered before it decided to meddle in this case. For isn't it ironic that instead of the ACLU—indeed, against the ACLU—it was Natalie Polovchak who was defending her brother's right to political asylum? "I am so scared for my brother," she said, in court. "If he is forced to go back with my parents, he will be punished there. He can have no good education or job and will be followed for the rest of his life for speaking out against the Soviet Union this way."

Do Mandel and the ACLU really believe that it is fair to equate moving from a Chicago suburb to Russia with moving from a Chicago suburb to a Los Angeles suburb? Was it fair, was it in good faith, for the ACLU attorneys to ignore the fact that this case would never have assumed the form it did were it not for the Soviet authorities' initial response to Michael Polovchak's desire to return home: They told him that since he left with Walter on his passport, he could not come back without him. After the case became headline news and the Russians had gained their propaganda advantage by highlighting the story of a poor misguided Ukrainian who found out how terrible life really is in America, they magnanimously allowed him to come back without Walter. But by that time Walter had taken things in his own hands by running away.

Is it fair to equate moving to Los Angeles with moving to Russia, as the ACLU does?

Even after Judge Mooney ruled on the Polovchak case on August 4, the ACLU continued to harass Walter. The court placed Walter and Natalie in the custody of their aunt and uncle, Maria and Demetri Gusiev. Richard Lifshitz, an ACLU attorney, promptly protested this decision, claiming that the Gusievs were unfit guardians. Why? Because, said Lifshitz, the Gusievs loved the United States too much and the USSR not enough. Their unfitness was manifested by Gusiev telling a Chicago newspaper that he would urge Walter to live with him permanently if his parents continued in their efforts to move him back to the Soviet Union. Explained Lifshitz: "Gusiev has a definite bias toward Walter not returning to the Ukraine that makes him unacceptable as a foster parent for the child." Lifshitz said he was asking the judge for an emergency hearing to determine whether the Gusievs are fit as temporary foster parents.

The following week, the ACLU succeeded in its effort to pry the Polovchak children loose from the Gusievs. Reversing his earlier decision, Judge Mooney ruled that Walter should not live in the home of the aunt and uncle "because they might interfere with the family's reconciliation," and ordered that not only Walter, but also Natalie, almost eighteen, both be placed in the custody of temporary foster parents. Said Harvey Grossman, the ACLU attorney who represented the parents in this court action: "We still believe the return of the children to their parents is the only appropriate action that will serve and indicate their rights." Since the age of consent in Illinois is sixteen, and since the ACLU's dragnet has evidently been extended to recapturing Natalie as well, these ACLU-initiated court actions and the ACLU's pronouncements about the case leave one in little doubt about that organization's views on the rights of minors to protection from forced repatriation to Russia—even to having a choice of domicile in case of grave domestic turmoil.

SADLY, THE ACLU WAS NOT alone in opposing Walter Polovchak's bid for asylum in America. Support came from its faithful allies, whom it in turn supports faithfully—namely, the psychiatrists.

Before Judge Joseph C. Mooney handed down his decision of August 4, 1980, that placed Walter and Natalie Polovchak in the custody of the Illinois Department of Children and Family Services and permitted them to live with an aunt and an uncle in Chicago, the parents' lawyer called on a child psychiatrist, Dr. Ner Littner, to testify. Dr. Littner, a prominent Chicago child psychiatrist and a member of the faculty of the Chicago Institute for Psychoanalysis, testified in court, under oath, that "the boy may be displaying a rebelliousness typical of children his age and could suffer psychological harm if he gets his way." Evidently Dr. Littner was not worried about the harm Walter might suffer if he doesn't get his way.

Lest it be thought that Dr. Littner's testimony was especially stupid or unfeeling, let me assure the reader that he displayed precisely that hostility toward Walter Polovchak that child psychiatrists typically display toward their involuntary "patients." To these learned doctors the child who "runs away" is

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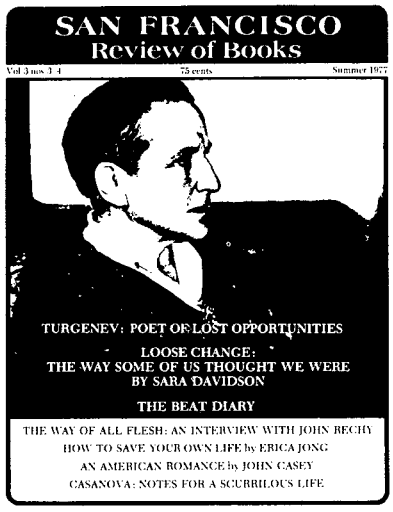
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always a mentally suspect dissident against the family order. Most textbooks on child psychiatry list and discuss a mental disease called "runaway reaction" (or something like it). Richard Jenkins's textbook *Behavior Disorders of Childhood and Adolescence* (1973) lists a disease called "The Runaway Reaction." Arthur Chapman, in his *Management of Emotional Problems of Children and Adolescents* (1974) calls "Running Away" an "Acting Out Behavior Disorder." Finally, the pretentious but influential Group for the Advancement of Psychiatry (GAP) issued a report on *Psychopathological Disorders in Childhood* in 1974 that classified "Running Away" under the heading of "Oppositional Behavior."

Unfortunately, there is nothing new about any of this nonsense. Psychiatrists have always taken a dim view of persons who oppose authorities—whether they be blacks opposing whites, women opposing men, or children opposing parents. It is no exaggeration to say that psychiatrists have always regarded, and still regard, submission to authority as a manifestation of mental health and opposition to authority as a symptom of mental illness.

The psychiatrists, like the Bourbons, never learn and never change: In a conflict between individual liberty and arbitrary authority, they unfailingly support authority and oppose liberty. I have already cited the support of one psychiatrist, Dr. Ner Littner, for the father's authority to return Walter to Russia. Like the ACLU, Dr. Littner does not stand alone: Some of the most prominent authorities on mental health in America agree with him. Here is what Dr. Alan Stone, a professor of psychiatry on the faculties of medicine and law at Harvard and the outgoing president of the American Psychiatric Association, had to say about Judge Mooney's decision: "This is totally outside the range of what family law and family courts ought to be doing. The notion that they would interfere in an ongoing, intact family boggles the mind." But the Polovchak family was not intact: both their seventeen-year-old daughter and their twelve-year-old son had clearly indicated their determination not to return to Russia with the parents, and both ran away from home to protect themselves from forced repatriation. The children's decision was, moreover, unanimously supported by the Polovchaks' many relatives in the United States—grown men and women who helped the Polovchaks leave their homeland and settle in America. This is an "intact family"? Preventing the forced return of a twelve-year-old boy from America to Russia is "interference" by a court? Isn't one *Dred Scott* decision enough for our history? Evidently not for our psychiatrists, nor for at least one prominent mental-health lawyer, Professor Joseph Goldstein of Yale Law School.

Now, it so happens that Professor Goldstein is one of the country's leading experts on laws pertaining to the welfare of children. And he too is against Walter's staying in America. "There is," he declared, "nothing that any of us would find in the current situation [i.e., the situation of the Polovchak family] to justify the state entertaining the case. We don't put someone else in the place of the parents unless they are disqualified. These parents did not abuse or neglect their children." In short, Professor Goldstein wants the court to send Walter back to Russia.

The experts supporting the ACLU's position in the Polovchak affair thus all agree that this is an "intact" family, and that Walter is the problem. Dr. Littner emphasizes Walter's "rebelliousness." Professor Stone emphasizes the Polovchaks' "ongoing, intact family." And Professor Goldstein emphasizes that the parents "did not abuse or neglect their children." In view of the published evidence about the Polovchak family, one wonders if these experts knew what they were talking about. "According to relatives [we learn from *People* magazine], the boy was brought up primarily by his grandmother, and Polovchak himself admits he has never taken his children to a movie or on vacation or attended any of their school events. 'That is for the state to provide,' he has said." If the experts knew this, then they were disingenuous, to put it mildly, in using the Polovchak affair as a vehicle for voicing their own profamily prejudices; and if they didn't know this, then they simply didn't do their job.

There is, it seems to me, something terribly wrong with all this enthusiasm for sending Walter back to Russia, something above and beyond the arguments I have presented against it. This wrong has to do with a curious irony. On the one hand, countless individuals and groups ceaselessly labor to help Russians, including lifelong Communists who suddenly decide they don't like the system anymore, to leave their homeland. On the other, when a young, freedom-loving Soviet citizen seeks asylum in America, the civil libertarians, the lawyers, and the psychiatrists all clamor to ship him back. ❏

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DISPATCH

DIANNE KLEIN

Mad bombers of the Caribbean

PEERING AT THE COMPUTER display guiding his A-7 attacker, an intense young lieutenant may imagine hostile jungle warriors swarming through a clearing on the lush island below. No doubt his commanders have pounded home the importance, the authenticity, of this training mission. An F-4 fighter circles above; cruisers and destroyers blast the beach. Those are real bombs exploding, real bullets kicking up the sand. The target, the island of Vieques, is blasted. Its residents, some 9000 U.S. citizens, are under attack—again—by the U.S. Navy.

Navy Secretary Edward Hidalgo says the little Caribbean island is absolutely vital to U.S. national security. "Vieques is the only place in the world where U.S. troops can realistically simulate combat," he observes. But the cracked houses, mined beaches, and shattered nerves are not simulated. Viequenses, Spanish-speaking residents of a tiny island nine miles southeast of Puerto Rico, live in a war zone.

It hasn't always been this way. When the navy first arrived on the island during World War II, locals and military men made the best of their odd coupling. The use of Vieques and nearby Culebra island for military exercises started as part of a nationwide mobilization for the war effort. As Puerto Rican draftees went off to war, the territorial government—administered by a Washington-appointed governor—offered up the two little islands for the fight against Hitler and fascism.

Viequenses at first welcomed America's fighting men by willingly accepting their dollars in island bars and restaurants. Night life on the then almost primitive island picked up noticeably as swabbies and marines lived it up before being shipped overseas. Local notables hobnobbed with officers at the base clubs. Vieques businessmen grew to like the navy so much that once, after a series of fights between marines and locals, they formed a committee to ask the camp commander to let the soldiers out into the town again to spend money.

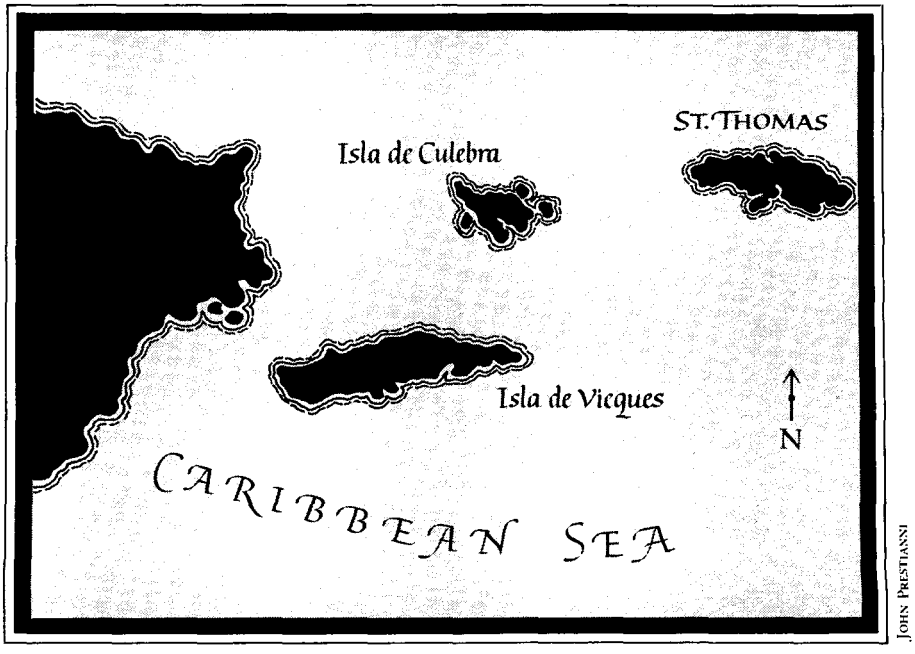
But some forty years later, the military has overstayed its welcome. Culebra's 800 residents—like the Viequenses, Puerto Rican by heritage and U.S. citizens by decree—finally rallied enough support to kick the navy out in 1975. Yet five years after President Richard Nixon officially evicted the navy from Culebra, war maneuvers on Vieques have increased by 900 percent. And now, squeezed into a bleak "civilian area" flanked on the east and west by 26,000 acres of off-limits federal property, the Viequenses are shell-shocked.

Daily bombings and regular aerial strafings, shellings, and missile launchings are a few of the "games" played dangerously close to the civilian population. The island is only twenty-one miles long and some six miles wide. Missiles have gone astray, plowing into civilian land. Shrapnel has wounded fishermen casting their nets in authorized areas. Grazing cattle have been maimed and killed by stray explosives. Unexploded bombs and other live shells litter the beaches and coral reefs that fringe the island.

The use of Vieques is strategically useful, but, more important, it is convenient for the navy. The sprawling Roosevelt Roads naval complex, the largest U.S. naval base in the world, is only about eight miles away. Vieques is one of four ranges of the Atlantic Fleet Training Complex, all controlled from "Rosy Roads." The complex oversees vast submarine detection systems reaching to St. Croix, and contains elaborate electronic apparatus capable of simulating the approach patterns of Soviet planes and missiles. In an average year the complex provides fleet support for nearly 300 military vessels and 1200 aircraft. The navy bills the range—which is enhanced by near perfect weather and absence of commercial traffic—as ideally suited for "one-stop recruit training."

Aside from its routine air-to-ground attacks, amphibious landing exercises, and gunship support firings, twice a year the navy also hosts NATO and South American navies for two weeks of full-blown war games at its Caribbean retreat. During special "secret maneuvers" two months ago, paratroopers landed in the civilian area on the northern coast near the bomb storage facilities on navy land just to the west. The "secret maneuvers," which were not announced by the navy in hopes of heading off protests, were reportedly practice for retaking captured facilities.

THE MILITARY TODAY OWNS three-fourths of Vieques, after having spread some $1.5 million among landowners on the island between 1941 and 1950. Under authority provided by Title VI of the Naval Appropriations Act of 1941—the same act that authorized construction of the naval base at Roosevelt Roads—the navy



JOHN PRESTIANNI

DIANNE KLEIN writes for United Press International.

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pulled off quite a coup. Many large landowners had planted sugar so often that their land was played out and they were ready to sell. Some of them saw a sale at any price as a bargain, and plantation owners made up to $120 an acre. But the island's poor were not so lucky.

One of 4000 persons targeted for relocation by the navy in 1942, Ramón Rucce Solís, then a twenty-two-year-old fisherman, was offered a check for $30, and twenty-four hours to vacate his home on the eastern part of Vieques. Rucce initially refused to sign away his house. The next morning a bulldozer parked outside his front door. He and his wife, in her ninth month of pregnancy, took the $30 and headed for the relocation area: a sugar cane field. Rucce's brother helped him build a hut of sugar cane where that night his wife gave birth to a daughter.

The navy has little, if any, use for the natives. They are considered at best an annoyance and at worst, the enemy. After having cut back its manpower on Vieques drastically since World War II, the navy now employs about a hundred locals in low-level jobs. But as an internal navy memo noted, they can all be fired instantly to give the Puerto Rican government a taste of the "adverse impacts" of the navy's departure.

The memo, dated late 1978 and titled "Vieques Community Action Plan," outlines a massive public relations campaign intended to smooth the way for bigger and better navy war games by convincing the Viequenses and the commonwealth government what good guys sailors really are. Navy public affairs officer E. A. Shackelford suggested to his commanding officers that the navy sponsor Girl Scout and Boy Scout troops and a tutoring service to help high-school–level slow learners, and churn out glowing press releases and newsletters.

But just in case the "good guy" message still didn't get through, Shackelford suggested, under the heading "Adverse Impact on Puerto Rico In View of Possible Loss of Training Area on Vieques," other ways to enlighten the Puerto Ricans:

> Point out to the [pro-statehood] Governor [Carlos Romero Barceló] that if Navy does not have ground targets in Puerto Rico, the value of Roosevelt Roads to Navy, Puerto Rico to Defense, and Puerto Rico to U.S. diminishes significantly. Therefore, economic support of Puerto Rico by the U.S. is not as strongly justified and Puerto Rico statehood would have less support.

Minus the euphemistic jargon, that reads: "If we can't bomb Vieques, you can forget about statehood."

The memo certainly did not represent the navy's first attempt at using public relations ploys to glove an iron fist. Several years ago naval trucks distributed containers of fresh water to natives whose only supply of water was foul-tasting and brackish. This generosity, however, failed to distract the Viequenses from the fact that the reason their own water was lousy was that the navy had confiscated the land containing the only fresh-water wells. "The water is ours, and it's always been ours," complained Carlos Zenón, president of the Vieques Fishermen's Association and a harsh critic of the military. "The water doesn't come in little plastic containers from Washington. It's here in Vieques and belongs to us." Finally the Puerto Rican government spent $7 million to pipe in drinking water.

Even the Berlitz guide warns about the 'inconvenience' of the bombings on Vieques.

Vieques, affectionately dubbed *la isla nena* (the baby island) by Puerto Ricans, is today a flawed paradise. Navy KEEP OUT and DO NOT ENTER signs crudely slice the landscape into sections. Despite the island's exquisite white sand beaches, clear emerald waters, rare bioluminescent bays, and its abundance of food and game fish, tourism is almost nonexistent. Even the Berlitz travel guide warns, with commendable—albeit understated—frankness: "The most dramatic inconvenience is the bombing. No joke. Two-thirds of Vieques is a military reservation and when naval maneuvers are underway townsfolk some miles from the target zone say the walls of their houses crack."

The only boom on Vieques comes from navy bombs. With the island's most fertile land and fishing waters under navy control, unemployment now hovers around 50 percent. Tourism has, understandably, never gotten off the ground. Many Vieques natives have fled: to Puerto Rico, the U.S. mainland, and the U.S. Virgin Islands. More than half the residents of nearby St. Croix come from Vieques.

THE WATER, THE LAND expropriations, the bombing—and then, in late 1977, the revelation that the navy counted on extracting even more from the Viequenses—finally shocked the Puerto Rican political establishment into fighting back. Word of secret navy negotiations with the administration of Puerto Rico's former governor Rafael Hernández Colon to grant the military additional easements on the island was too much for nationalistic Puerto Ricans. The easements were to connect the gigantic ammunitions dump and mile-long "Mosquito Pier" on the west side to the big landing strip on the east side that is capable of handling jet aircraft. The navy also tried to impose limits on the height of buildings on Vieques to facilitate strafing runs by jets flying in ear-splitting, low altitude attack formations.

The lines were drawn. Puerto Ricans began to question sacrificing their land and the welfare of their people for the defense of a country that doesn't even allow them to vote in national elections. Hundreds of them marched to the gates of one of the Vieques bases, and, in a rare show of political unity, the leaders of Puerto Rico's four political parties, including Governor Romero, began denouncing the navy. And the protests have continued. In a speech before Washington's National Press Club last year, Romero asked: "Can you imagine the U.S. armed forces appropriating two-thirds, or even one-tenth, of the land area of Martha's Vineyard or Nantucket, and using it for target practice? Unthinkable. Nothing of the kind could possibly be undertaken in peacetime. Why? Because the congressmen and senators from Massachusetts would raise such a ruckus on Capitol Hill, and in the national media, that the navy would have to drop the idea at once."

Four months later the U.S. District Court for Puerto Rico was to rule on the commonwealth government's suit against the navy. The Puerto Rican government, the commonwealth Environmental Quality Board, the mayor of Vieques, and the Vieques Fishermen's Association charged the navy with violating twenty-seven legal statutes, causing irreparable environmental damage, and in effect illegally declaring war on the Viequenses. Judge Juan Torruella, the court's most conservative member, rejected all but three of the plaintiffs' charges, each one a technical violation of the Environmental Protection Act. The commonwealth government is appealing the case. The fishermen, outraged

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over what they see as the court's bias toward the navy, have withdrawn from the suit.

Piling supporters into their small boats, the fishermen regularly launch "counterattacks" against the navy by navigating into restricted waters. Last year the navy nabbed twenty-one people, including a Catholic bishop and two Protestant ministers, as they attended an ecumenical service on off-limits Blue Beach. All were convicted of trespassing and most were sentenced to six months in federal prison and fined $500, the maximum penalty under law. One protester, thirty-three-year-old Angel Rodríguez Cristóbal, a farmer active in socialist politics, was found hanged in his solitary jail cell in Tallahassee, Florida, last November. His family and those who knew him claim a deep gash down his forehead and other clues prove he was murdered. Prison and Justice Department authorities disagreed. In January fishermen's leader Zenón and attorney Pedro Saade were convicted of trespassing in federal waters after having participated in a fishermen's block-

One farmer who protested was found dead in his solitary prison cell.

ade against navy ships. They are appealing their six-month jail sentence and $500 fines.

Another incident that has increased tensions over the navy's presence in Vieques was the January arrest of Lieutenant Alex de la Zerda, a navy public liaison officer on the island who was hired to "shore up relations on Vieques," according to internal navy correspondence. Police charged de la Zerda, Vieques armory owner Roberto López González, and René Fernández del Valle, a right-wing Cuban national, with exploding a bomb at the Puerto Rico Bar Association, which had just passed a resolution condemning the navy's use of Vieques. The three were also charged with conspiring to blow up the Puerto Rican Legal Services office, a Vieques Air Link plane, and the cement-slab building housing the Vieques Fishermen's Association. In a confession to police, the armory owner admitted his involvement in the scheme and implicated his friends. Judge Torruella exonerated all three after a trial in July.

Revelations during de la Zerda's trial hardly soothed the anger of the Viequenses. Navy official Terrence Davis testified that sailors prepared for an anti-navy protest by mining a beach where the demonstrators were supposed to gather. Davis said the explosives were to have been detonated nearby "just to scare them." Fortunately, the protesters never showed.

A CONGRESSIONAL ARMED Services subcommittee led by Representative Ronald Dellums (D-Calif.) is now investigating the navy's presence on Vieques. After more than a year of false starts, in May Dellums finally corralled subcommittee members for hearings on Capitol Hill, and last month he moved the proceedings to Vieques City Hall. In Washington, navy brass testified their presence on Vieques was essential to ward off Communist threats in a volatile Caribbean and the free world in general. As for inconveniencing the Viequenses, Navy Secretary Hidalgo put it this way: "We try to help the Vieques people . . . [but] we are a military outfit, not a social welfare organization."

The navy also questioned the patriotism of its opponents and claimed the majority of Viequenses favor its presence on the island. Admirals repeatedly stressed Vieques is the only place where the navy can orchestrate "simultaneous exercises." Puerto Rican officials, however, testified otherwise, offering as alternatives the deserted islands of Desecheo or Monito, off Puerto Rico's northeast coast. The navy contends that given high fuel costs, the two islands are too far from Roosevelt Roads to be economically feasible.

At the hearings in Vieques, several witnesses testified that a few months ago the navy unsuccessfully ran its own candidate, an accountant on the navy payroll, against incumbent island mayor Radames Tirado, who is an advocate of statehood and opposes the navy bombing. After two days of overwhelmingly antinavy testimony—by Governor Romero, Puerto Rico political leaders, and dozens of others—Dellums decided he still hadn't heard enough. In late September, there were more hearings in Washington, but no action was taken; none is expected until after the presidential election. In the meantime, the navy is still free to fire at will at the peaceful citizens of Vieques.

DISPATCH

STEPHEN TALBOT & ROBERT MANNING

Was it a bomb?

ON SEPTEMBER 22, 1979, a U.S. Vela reconnaissance satellite scanning the remote southern reaches of the Atlantic Ocean suddenly registered two intense bursts of light within a fraction of a second—the characteristic double pulse of a nuclear explosion. As reported earlier in *INQUIRY* [April 21, 1980], the intelligence community has been struggling to answer the critical question: Was it a clandestine nuclear test conducted by South Africa (possibly with Israel), or was the satellite tricked by a freak natural occurrence in space?

More than a year after the "mystery flash," the Carter administration says it still does not know for certain. Even more embarrassing for the President, the administration is still badly split. A panel of nine scientists appointed by Carter's science adviser, Frank Press, released a "sanitized" report last July concluding that a nuclear blast probably did not occur. However, two classified military reports—one by the Defense Intelligence Agency, the other by the Naval Research Laboratory—reached the opposite conclusion: There probably was a secret nuclear test. It was the leak of the DIA report that forced nervous officials at the White House Office of Science and Technology to release their inconclusive findings, which had been withheld for months. What's more, the Central Intelligence Agency has told select members of Congress that the September 22 twin flash was most likely a South African and/or Israeli nuclear test. "A lot of people remain convinced that this was a nuclear explosion," conceded a White House official who asked that his name not be published.

STEPHEN TALBOT has written on Africa for The Nation *and the* Los Angeles Times *as well as* INQUIRY. *ROBERT MANNING is Washington correspondent for* The Middle East *and* New African *in London.*

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The White House panel dismissed as inconclusive all pieces of evidence that might have corroborated the Vela sighting. It also found a flaw in the original Vela signal: The Vela's two sensors registered different intensities in the light flash, deviating from the pattern established in previous recorded nuclear blasts. The scientists theorized that a meteoroid, ranging in size from a speck of dust to a marble, might have struck the satellite and chipped off a bit of debris that glinted a ray of sun back on the Vela's second sensor—imitating the twin flash of a nuclear blast.

What are the statistical chances of that coincidence? No better than once in a decade, the White House acknowledged. The makers of the satellite at Los Alamos are not convinced—neither is the CIA or the Pentagon.

Confirming the blast would call attention to secret nuclear collaboration between Israel and the U.S.

According to a still classified 300-page Naval Research Laboratory report, underwater sound signals detected by two navy sensors following the September 22 blast powerfully corroborate the Vela sighting. "It's strong enough to make the case in its own right," says NRL director of research Dr. Alan Berman. But the White House experts dismissed the NRL conclusions. "The hydroacoustic signal cited by the navy could have been caused by an earthquake, an underwater volcano or, would you believe, even a whale," argues John Marcum, the official in charge of the "mystery flash" investigation.

Marcum's panel also dismissed data collected by scientists operating the advanced radar facility at Arecibo, Puerto Rico, which recorded a ripple in the ionosphere that could have been caused by a nuclear explosion off the coast of South Africa on the night in question. The White House experts claimed the equipment was too new and untested to be reliable. But the Arecibo scientists believe their data are accurate and were dismissed by the White House panel without adequate analysis.

So the dispute continues. "Some things just do not lend themselves to tidy answers," says Thomas Halsted, a spokesman for the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, "but this confusion certainly calls into question our ability to monitor and verify nuclear tests around the world."

THE SOUTH AFRICANS AND Israelis continue to deny having set off a nuclear blast, but the reports of their entry into the once exclusive nuclear club have clearly touched a raw nerve. Israeli officials revoked the press credentials of Dan Raviv, the CBS correspondent who first reported that the September 22 "event" was an Israeli nuclear test conducted with the assistance of South Africa. Israeli military censors have since forbidden publication of a book by two veteran Israeli journalists, Eli Teicher and Ami Dor-On, titled *None Will Survive Us: The Story of the Israeli A-Bomb*; it reportedly recounts Pretoria's offer to Israel of a nuclear testing site in or near South Africa. In South Africa, the apartheid regime last June convicted a thirty-year-old, Oxford-educated nuclear scientist, Dr. Renfrew Christie, of plotting to pass nuclear secrets to the banned African National Congress—allegedly including a list of sites where the South African Atomic Energy Board believed it could conduct undetectable atomic tests.

Washington has cause to worry as well. Confirmation of an Israeli or South African nuclear blast would raise disturbing questions about America's central role in helping Pretoria develop its nuclear prowess over the past three decades: constructing South Africa's SAFARI I nuclear research reactor, providing enriched uranium, exchanging nuclear scientists, and renewing a nuclear cooperation pact until the year 2007. Such confirmation would also draw attention to previously undisclosed U.S.–Israeli nuclear collaboration. A retired CIA agent in the Middle East, Wilbur Eveland, told us there had been a "very secret" agreement between Washington and Tel Aviv, following the Suez crisis in 1956, which said "that we would assist or at least not interfere in their [the Israelis] acquiring a nuclear capability and then not admit we were aware of it."

We have also learned that an American nuclear physicist, Dr. Alvin Radkowski, is conducting fundamental nuclear research for the Israelis at Negev University. Radkowski is a former high-level aide on nuclear matters to Admiral Hyman Rickover, designer of the atomic submarine.

Several years ago it was reported that Israel had obtained supplies of enriched uranium for its top-secret Dimona nuclear reactor in the Negev desert from the Nuclear Materials and Equipment Corporation of Pennsylvania. Dr. Zalman Shapiro, the former owner of NUMEC and an ardent supporter of Israel, denied spiriting the uranium to Israel, but in 1967 he had to pay the U.S. government $1.1 million in penalties for being unable to account for at least 200 pounds of enriched uranium missing from his plant. The CIA remains convinced that the uranium ended up in Israel.

Israel is now believed to have a more dependable supplier of uranium for nuclear weapons: South Africa. Persistent reports of a uranium-for-technology swap between Pretoria and Tel Aviv began when then Prime Minister John Vorster visited Israel in 1976. A prominent U.S. uranium consultant has told us that during a recent visit to South Africa's Pelindaba nuclear research facility, he found a number of Israeli scientists hard at work.

A chilling prospect is that Israeli–South African nuclear collaboration could trigger a nuclear arms race in the Middle East in the 1980s. It could provoke Iraq or Libya into acquiring nuclear weapons as soon as possible. Israel may already have taken drastic measures to sabotage Iraq's nuclear development program. In June, Iraq's Soviet-trained chief nuclear scientist, Yihya al Meshad, was found murdered in his Paris hotel room. Speculation as to who killed Meshad has focused on Israel's secret service, the MOSSAD. It would not be the first time that the MOSSAD has struck against Iraq on French territory. The West German magazine *Stern* earlier this year identified the MOSSAD as the saboteurs who in April 1979 bombed the Osiris nuclear reactor, which the French were about to ship to Iraq.

Few doubt that Israel and South Africa have developed secret nuclear weapons arsenals, or that the two "pariah" states have increased their military cooperation. Despite the White House report minimizing the possibility that the September 22 "mystery flash" was a nuclear blast, many U.S. military and intelligence sources believe it was a joint South African–Israeli nuclear weapons test. The questions remain: Does the Carter administration have the ability to verify such a test? If so, is it covering up for two troublesome allies? ❏

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POLITICS

RONALD W. POWELL

Just remember, I'm white and you're black

IT WAS WITH NO SMALL measure of trepidation that I drove north from San Diego to the small agricultural community of Fallbrook, on the fringe of San Diego County, veering around the winding roads lined with avocado and citrus trees. I was going to see Tom Metzger, Grand Dragon of the California Ku Klux Klan and Democratic nominee for Congress in the state's 43rd congressional district—the country's most populous district, with more than a million residents. This was more than just another interview: I am black. The tension gnawed at my stomach as I recalled my first meeting with Metzger. It was the night of June 3 following his stunning Democratic primary win and, as a victory celebration swirled around us in his campaign headquarters, he fixed me with steely blue eyes. "Western society is the creation of the minds of white men," Metzger told me, dropping the populist mask he tried to wear on the campaign trail. "I don't think blacks on the whole are as advanced as whites, especially in Western society. We created it. It's a project of our minds." As the flashbulbs popped around us—newspaper photographers know a good picture when they see one—Metzger set his jaw and made certain I would have no ideological misunderstandings. "Just remember one thing," he added. "I'm white and you're black."

Now I was heading for his home in Fallbrook, an agricultural hamlet. Its sprawling, tree-shaded ranch homes house the area's agribusiness leaders. Metzger, a forty-one-year-old television repairman, scorns them as "fat cats" who achieved upward mobility on the backs of illegal Mexican workers. He lives in a modest home on a narrow, alley-like street. Shoeless chicano children play along it, oblivious to a neighbor whose racist philosophy—"biopolitics," as he calls it—holds them and other people of color subhuman.

One of Metzger's five children escorted me to the candidate's basement office, where a California state flag dominates an entire wall. On a metal shelf a few feet away from me were two black baseball caps adorned with large white letters. One read KKK, and the other one, 43rd Cong. One shelf below the caps lay a sawed-off, double-barreled shotgun, well-oiled and shiny. Five blue plastic shells were lined up neatly near the barrel, ready for action. The entire room had the feel of a concrete bunker. A German police dog completed the scene, barking incessantly outside the basement window as if its olfactory sense were color-coded.

Finally Metzger entered the humid enclosure, his shirtsleeves revealing stocky forearms and massive tattoos. He sat behind the desk and looked at me intently. "The government created me," Metzger said, an indignant tone of injury in his voice, "piece by piece."

On the shelf lay a sawed-off shotgun. Five blue shells were lined up near the barrel, ready for action.

The assembling of this Frankenstein began on a ten-acre farm in Warsaw, Indiana. Metzger was an only child and his parents were big on the Ten Commandments and hard on slackers. "Anybody that wasn't working was a bum," he recalled. "Playing baseball was sloughing off and playing basketball was like being AWOL." Metzger took it to heart and joined the army immediately after high-school graduation in 1956. Three years later he was a civilian again and headed for Santa Monica and an airplane mechanic's job. At the plant he saw some anticommunist propaganda films and took an interest in politics, first joining the Goldwater campaign and then the John Birch Society.

The Birchers quickly kicked him out for being too radical. The Birch hierarchy took offense at Metzger's fondness for Pan-Africanist literature by Malcolm X, Patrice Lumumba, and Marcus Garvey.

METZGER WAS ANGRY IN those days—at blacks, who were incinerating ghetto tenements across the country and even a few scant miles from his new home in Redondo Beach, and at the American government. The Vietnam War infuriated him. "Vietnam really upset me," he rasped. "They weren't trying to win. It was just a game and they were playing around . . . bombing rice paddies instead of Haiphong. If you're going to fight communism, then fight it. If not, by God, stay at home!" In a rare moment of ideological harmony, Metzger and his friends from the political right met with activists from the left to stage a mock trial. Those convicted were guilty of war crimes. "We tried David Rockefeller, Dean Rusk, and Henry Kissinger in absentia and found them outside the law," he says.

Soon after that mock trial, Metzger became an outlaw himself. His attempt to open a television repair shop failed so badly that he contemplated filing bankruptcy. Facing a severe financial shortfall, he sold what there was of the original business and moved his family to Fallbrook. The Internal Revenue Service followed, with years of audits, subpoenas, and demands for back taxes. It was the "Big Boy" punching out the shrimp, the feds goading a small businessman in search of the vaunted American dream. He reacted by becoming a tax rebel, refusing to pay the government one cent in taxes between 1971 and 1975. He was never jailed, however, and today is still paying off the feds.

The radicalization of Tom Metzger extended further than refusal to file a 1040 form. He was preoccupied with racist literature and the sometimes violent protests of America's minorities. On the one hand, he was enraged by the violent racial eruptions that seemed to be going on all around him; on the other, he bridled against affirmative action programs and other elements of what he saw as a program of federal handouts to blacks and other minorities. The last straw was the Supreme Court's *Bakke* decision in 1978, which he saw as the Court's ruling that racial discrimination was okay as long as it was practiced against whites. "I became aware there

RONALD W. POWELL is a reporter for the San Diego Evening Tribune.

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was a serious racial problem in this country. I reached the reasonable position that there are real differences in the races and I began to understand there's something good about the white race staying intact and something bad about integration and becoming a hybrid race," Metzger recalls.

Indeed, he believed something had to be done about the "hybrids"—Jews and Arabs, for instance—and the man who showed the way was Louisiana Ku Klux Klansman David Duke (who recently departed the organization). Metzger and Duke met at a Los Angeles–area conclave of right-wing activists in 1975. Metzger opened his San Diego County klavern later that year, but he did not come out of the linen closet until 1976.

Metzger embarked immediately on a campaign to grab headlines and show the country that a new Klan—without the pointy hats, robes, and burning crosses—was bringing a taste of the Old South to the New West. Metzger's media assaults have included a vigilante Klan patrol on the United States–Mexican border, participation in near-riot demonstrations in predominantly black areas of San Diego County, and orating outside courtrooms. But less than a month before the June 3 Democratic primary, he reverted to tried-and-true Klan ways: He donned a sheet and burned a cross on the outskirts of Sacramento in full view of reporters he had invited to attend. He even performed a marriage ceremony for two Klansmen while wearing full ceremonial garb. It got reams of press, as did his first official appearance as a congressional candidate in mid-July, when communist demonstrators pelted the Klansman with cans of soda as he entered the San Diego Courthouse for a usually routine induction ceremony into the Democratic County Central Committee.

The candidate wants to deport Jews and to gun down Mexican immigrants at the border.

THAT WAS PRETTY MUCH the story of the whole primary campaign. No one took Metzger seriously, except the voters. He was rarely invited to candidate forums, and when he did appear he was booed and shouted down before he could speak. Reporters covering the campaign wrote thousands of words about the demonstrations and apparently created some sympathy for Metzger, but rarely reported in depth on his racial theories.

His main opponent was Ed Skagen, outgoing chairman of the San Diego County Democratic Central Committee; Skagen went on the ballot as a sacrificial lamb, chosen in a coin flip with other party officials. Skagen expected to be sacrificed to the Republicans, who have long held a death grip on the district. But he wound up being a sacrifice to Metzger, who edged him out by not even 500 votes out of nearly 90,000 cast. The congressional district is a hodgepodge of suburban professionals, farmers, and blue-collar service workers; Metzger ran most strongly in areas dominated by the latter two groups.

He believes those voters will carry him to another upset over Republican Clair Burgener, who has held the seat ever since the congressional district was created in 1972. Until late in the campaign, Burgener chose to ignore his Klan opponent, which could be fatal. One man who thinks so is Ed Skagen.

"I am beginning to think Metzger has an excellent chance of winning," says Skagen, especially since the newspapers have been full of reports of "both parties jumping on him. If you notice, the man is changing his tactics. He's accentuating the positive. No more talk about [blacks, browns, Asians, and others] being second class humans. Now he's aiming at the white working class, which makes up 75 percent of his district."

In public, Metzger's positions are unremarkably populist: against foreign immigration and welfare, for a stronger national defense and a tougher U.S. border patrol. But he does slip occasionally; in mid-September he said Jews should be deported as "a parasite people" and that Mexican immigrants should be gunned down because "if somebody tries to use force to get through a military installation, it's standard to shoot them." He has even filed suit against immigration authorities for failing to keep out the "alien swarm" from Cuba, Indochina, and Haiti, as well as the homosexuals and others barred by statute.

And Metzger never resists the opportunity for a little racial theorizing when asked. "I believe racial separation is the best. . . . Socializing leads to miscegenation and that leads to the destruction of both races," he told me as we sat in the basement. "I believe the caucasian race is IQ-wise and intellectually superior to blacks in the Western culture." He said it very politely and reasonably, and I even found myself forgetting how sinister his ideas really are. He was just as polite and reasonable when he told me that near the end of the century food and energy will be in such short supply that great masses of Third World people will literally walk into the United States and the Soviet Union and begin fighting for it. Metzger thinks now is the time to arm against that invasion, and he sees himself as the first of a tide of Klan congressmen who will restructure America. "One of the first moves I'll make when I get to Washington," he said, "is to establish a white congressional caucus. Most white congressmen now are aracial, apolitical and amoral, and are only interested in power and money. I don't accept them as representatives of my race. They may be white but they don't represent the white working man. They represent elitists."

Metzger is so confident that the white working man will vote for him that he's already planning his move to Washington D.C. He plans to shun the suburbs and live in the predominantly black city. As I got up to leave, I asked how a Klan leader would ever survive there. Metzger smiled. "It's easy," he told me. "I'll just hire the Hanafi Muslims." ❏

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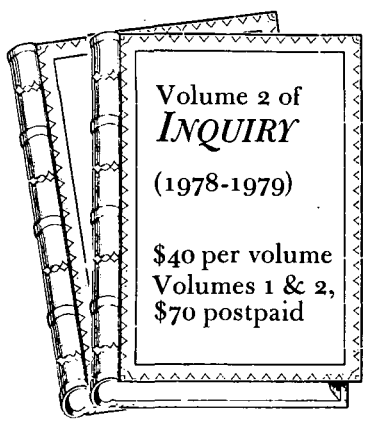

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NOBODY FOR PRESIDENT

Campaign 80 may seem like a turkey farm for three dewlapped, feathery old birds. But mediocre candidates do not necessarily signify the decline of the republic.

By NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN

THE CENTRAL THEME AND FOCUS, THE gut substance of the 1980 campaign, is the 1980 campaign. The campaign's conduct, the strategy of the three principals, their media moves, the comparative strengths and weaknesses of their organizations, the quality of their advance men, the skill of their respective staffs at releasing balloons, white doves, and/or confetti on the occupants of assembly halls at the precise moment of rhetorical orgasm—all these weighty matters dominate the campaign, even detracting from the traditional interest in the campaign wives, Rosalynn the Ruthless, Nancy of the Stainless Steel Smile, and that flannel-mouth John Anderson stuck himself with.

That technique has now totally obscured substance is apparent from the way the professional pols bounce around from one camp to another. In times past, there were famously loved and hated campaign managers; McKinley had his Mark Hanna, Franklin Roosevelt had his Jim Farley. But 1980 is the year of the true political condottieri, of Garth, Rafshoon, Sears, Viguerie, Caddell, campaign-packaging paladins for hire to the top bidder. The earlier national campaign managers were associated exclusively with one candidate. Hanna consecrated himself to McKinley, whom he adored; Farley's name was joined to FDR's until the two men broke over a matter of principle, the third term, but even then the manager didn't take over somebody else's campaign. A man like Garth has run so many campaigns he's like a fight manager who'd have trouble recalling the names of all the bums and bummesses (he lost the Bess Myerson run for the New York Democratic senatorial nomination this year) he's handled. His comings and goings are as carefully tracked and noted in the papers as those of the candidates. Indeed, one of the signs and portents that punditry told us made John Anderson an "authentic," "legitimate," "serious" candidate was when he was able to line up Garth. With Garth he was for real.

The candidates themselves have taken to dwelling on the health or lack thereof of their campaigns. Throughout the entire primary season, we were treated every Wednesday morning to a self-diagnosis of political health by that leafless shrub, George Bush. One Wednesday he would bang a fist into a palm, emit an Ivy League "Geeee!" and declare that Little Mo Mentum was in his corner. Then it got to be Big Mo, the signs and portents of which, punditry explained, were the expanded size of the gang of media savages tripping about after him. Then, alas and alack, Big Mo was Fickle Mo, leading a not-so-burning Bush to tell a diminished battery of TV cameras that the mistake in his strategy was to talk too much strategy. From then on until it dawned on him he wouldn't get the nomination, Bush took every opportunity to say, "No, I'm not gonna answer that question. That's a tactical question and my tactics are to keep mum on my tactics." Preppies not only talk like that, they think like that, and underneath his Texas foliage and his mannered, optimistic dynamism, there was indeed a preppie.

Every presidential year has included a small subplot given over to musings about strategy. Every quadrennium it's explained the vice-presidential candidates are the hatchet men who say the nasty things that might not sound "presidential" issuing out of the mouths of those at the top of the ticket. If there is an incumbent there is always a discussion of what used to be called in the days of Warren Harding "the front porch strategy"; now we call it "the Rose Garden strategy." But in the past, calculations of this sort never took over, never became the essence of the campaign. This year they've been telling us how the damn fools do it, but not why they do it.

There is one thing lower than a campaign that descends to personalities, and that's a campaign that wallows in discussions of campaign mechanics. This year the public has been instructed *ad nauseam* in the art of mailing lists, robotype machines, fund-raising letters, media buys, sampling errors in public opinion polls, the proportion of the campaign dollar

NICHOLAS VON HOFFMAN is an INQUIRY contributing editor.

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allotted to lapel buttons, bumper stickers, television ads, and limousines. Even when the candidates rise to the level of mudslinging, the joy is taken out of it by having it presented to us as a deliberate move.

Under this formulation, President Jim Bob never gets angry. The story always reads something like:

YAKIMA, WASH. Oct. 8 (AP)—As part of an effort to goad and gibe his Republican opponent into making a characteristically idiotic remark, President Jimmy Carter said here that Governor Ronald Reagan is a typically racist, southern California pinhead whose skull is so small that, even when fully freighted with data, he cannot grasp two simplistic ideas at the same time.

At a Republican race-mixer and fund-raiser in Gumbo, Louisiana, where Mr. Reagan was scheduled to speak, the Republican nominee was asked about the President's charges. Before he could reply, Lyn Nofziger, the candidate's press secretary, gently pushed a fist into Mr. Reagan's mouth as he told reporters, not without a trace of irritation, "We've explained our new tactics to you a dozen times. Our kid's off the ad libs. If it isn't written down first, our boy won't say it. Anyway, the President doesn't even mean those insults. We'll answer a genuine insult or even a slur or an innuendo, but we'll not answer insincere insults spoken in a spirit of tactical calculation."

> Send money, get the 3 Bs—a Bible in every classroom, a Balanced budget for every government, a Ballistic missile in every silo.

The campaign has a soap opera quality to it—the story of three critically stricken men and their lovable if tacky families. The continuing narration is supplied by the campaign managers, who usually hold little seances on Saturday afternoons—for the big Sunday papers—to give their appraisals of how they did the previous seven days. "I think we had a good week," says the maddeningly affable Bob Strauss. "We bounded back nicely from the week before when we were caught trading military secrets for three points in the Gallup Poll. The wonderful thing about the American people—and they are a wonderful people, wouldn't you fellas agree?—the wonderful thing about the American people is they forget, and when they forget, they forgive. Not that we have anything to be forgiven for. If I had to do it all over again, I would."

PERHAPS IT'S HIS SHOW BIZ BACKground that made Reagan give himself over to theme weeks, like theme amusement parks. During the first perfervid weeks after the Republican convention, the last grand encampment of the Great White American Male, when they were laying out their strategy yet again, the Reagan brain trust said each week of the campaign would be given over to a theme—Blue-Collar Week, Black Week, Pole Week, Jew Week, Vietnam War Week, Bible Study Week. Reagan had to give it up because when he wasn't boring everyone to death, he was committing those astonishing bloopers. There have been candidates before who behaved as if they needed seeing-eye dogs but this one needs a talking-mouth dog. Or is it just Carter malarkey that those two heavy-set men who always stand by Reagan are licensed chiropractors under instructions to keep the old boy's back straight every time his feet start up toward his mouth?

Near the end of the 1884 campaign, an imbecilic reverend made a turgid oration combining the worst forensic features of politics and the pulpit. The exhausted Republican nominee, James G. Blaine, known to his contemporaries as the "continental liar from the State of Maine," was semi-dozing on the platform when the good divine told his nearly comatose audience that the Democrats were the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion." That was the all-time political blooper; they say it cost Blaine the election. And it wasn't even the candidate who did it. Is it better to shoot yourself in the foot or have your friends do it for you? Aiming to find out, Ronald Reagan betook himself off to Dallas, where 17,000 Holy Rollers were meeting to excoriate sin and the unbalanced budget, and to pray for prayer in the schools and that every little fetus be brought to term.

Even Richard Nixon, a man known for his unerringly poor taste, exercised some restraints on the scurviness of the clergymen he'd allow close to him. It remained for Ronald Reagan to seek out the company of ordained persons several cuts below Billy Graham Cracker and Norman Vincent Repellent; he courts the apostles of a pink plastic Jesus. Send an offering and you shall get back, written with genuine illuminated ink on foolscap parchment, our prayer for the three essential capital-B Blessings—a Bible in every classroom, a Balanced budget at every level of government, and a Ballistic missile in every silo.

It is said that the Reagan campaign cashed in on single-issue politics, but it has really been the victim of them. Historically, smart American politicians have tried to skip behind their capes and, like matadors, befuddle the charging rhinoceroi of one-issuehood. Abraham Lincoln, you may recall, was decidely disinclined to be an abolitionist. He wrote the Emancipation Proclamation only after abolitionist sentiment dominated a majority of the electoral college, and even then it freed slaves only in states where the confederates were still fighting. The national politicians of a later era, including fundamentalist William Jennings Bryan, did their best to avoid taking a stand on prohibitionism. When they were compelled to by a moronic majority suffering from moral encephalitis, they did so with the same misgivings the wise always nurture when the jerks have a bayonet pointed at their backsides.

In anyone else, the wearing of such a richly tasteless, hand-tooled Bible Belt would have to be dismissed as exploitation, the simple maraudings of a vote-starved politico. What is always so upsetting about Dr. Reagan is the suspicion that, even more than Jimmy Carter, this mental clubfoot means what he says. Why else play political archaeologist and dig up dead single issues? Ronald Reagan's campaign peaked when he dug up teaching evolution in the schools, thereby proving he may not be descended from the apes but he still knows how to make a monkey of himself. All of life is choice, quoth the Greek philosopher Pseudo (324?–265), and a man who chooses to star in a movie called *Bedtime for Bonzo* cannot run for President.

If Barry Goldwater was tragedy, GOP-80 is his campaign reincarnated as farce. The Reagans are the Loopner family escaped from "Saturday Night Live" to find their way onto the ballot and into our hearts. Alright for you, Nancy, nine noogies. Behind them, marching, come the supply-side Coneheads smoking entire packs of cigarettes simultaneously, moving like bad weather, west to east across the land, a consumer version of General Sherman marching through Georgia, gob-

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bling up the inventories of whole chains of fast-food parlors, Taco Bells, Pizza Huts, and Wimpys. Colonel Sanders has surrendered Kentucky; the rule of the god of the distended gut is nigh. One can't take Reagan seriously long enough to be as frightened by him as one probably should be.

In any event, he's no match for the Carter family, that miraculous fusion of two strains of Southern culture and tradition, the Waltons and the Snopeses. Not since the death of John D. Rockefeller, the first, and greatest, have we beheld such rapacity and piety bundled together in one Baptist skin. They always underestimate President Jim Bob because he shows only the pleasant, draggy-pants, ruralist Walton side of him. Americans will trust any man who tells 'em he's a farmer. The Snopes part, the grasping, sleepless, figuring part, he keeps hidden behind the ice-blue beam of his eyes. You can catch it in Miz Lillyan when she lets go with one of her occasional shafts of grandmotherly malice. Remember during the primary season, when she said what a shame it would be if someone took Teddy out the hard way? And, hell, why not the ayatollah, too? (Of course, they retracted it the next day.) Whatever the Carters come onto, however they come onto it, be it peanuts or presidency, they'll keep ahold of it.

Extensive research suggests that Jimmy Carter has been a candidate in more elections than any other politician in United States history. The upcoming one will be the thirty-eighth this year alone. Even Reagan, who's competed in a lot, hasn't gone to the gate as often as the Georgian. He knows how to contest elections, how to campaign. While retaining the reputation of a dabbling, frequently fumble-fingered amateur, Jim Bob has made himself into the pluperfect professional pol. And he has bench strength. He can lose two or three first stringers to cocaine charges and still field a full team of experienced, effective operators.

That's also the opinion of the most-unlooked-for television political commentator of the year, Richard Nixon, analyzing the election on the "Today Show." If we all live long enough, our faces will betray our souls, and Nixon has lived long enough. So, presto, there is our Professor Moriarty, the man who committed the perfect crime and got away with it, his face a ragout of ugliness; and he is on the TV set giving his view of the campaign to the chirping, rotund Theodore White, who is to journalism what the caddy is to golf.

Call it an unwelcome campaign lowlight, call it grotesque, but Nixon was a more knowledgeable cicerone than his host, the handsomely illiterate Tom Brokaw. It takes one to know one, and Nixon had no difficulty in recognizing how skillful the Carter operation was at conducting a campaign. Jim Bob's troubles always begin after the voting, when they come in and give him the bad news: "You've been elected again." Carter is the quintessential modern American politician who loves to run for office but can't run the office he's run for. There are a million reasons for the growing duration of political campaigns but certainly one is the escape it offers trapped incumbents. See Jimmy run. See Rosalynn run. See Billy run after a buck. Watching the Carter family scamper after the presidency is not exactly like spending an evening at the Bolshoi. The Carters have never been accused of having style. The farthest they got in that direction is to have a better class of book on their coffee table. You got grace or you don't. The Carters don't, and the campaigns they win are close and they're artless. For eight months, Jimmy freed the hostages every Tuesday at dawn, in time for the first segment of "Good Morning, America." Even Henry Kissinger didn't declare peace at hand that often.

Every incumbent President running for a second term since FDR has practiced a vice known to political science as *kephosis*, or lumping up huge federal payments to be distributed shortly before our leader is subjected to the judgment of his fellow citizens in the voting booth. Nixon was shameless, but at least he never sent his dessicated, anorexic wife out to be bag lady. Rosalynn has no compunctions. She flies into Pittsburgh and shrieks in her best down-home fashion: "Oh, have I got some presents for y'all! Y'all, don't thank the Lord, jus' praise Jimmeh and line up for your envelopes."

In Moscow they love it too. The Soviets have left off trying to bribe postage clerks in the CIA mailroom to chivvy out our secrets. When Carter's running for reelection they merely buy the *New York Times* and read what Defense Department officials tell the voters about how strong we are. From Harold Brown they've been getting daily progress reports on the development of the invisible plane. Oh, that we could break into the Pentagon and make off with a bucket of that paint they've perfected for the bomber! We could pour it on all three candidates.

Invisible isn't inaudible, however. CBS would no longer be able to display John Anderson's picture, but that clipped, smug voice would still be heard all over the network. The National Unity candidate talks a lot, yet the mystery of the man without a party remains. Why is he running?

A NUMBER OF HYPOTHESES HAVE BEEN advanced to explain the presence of Anderson in the race. One is that he is Saul of Tarsus of 1980, that he was driving in from the suburbs to his office when a stentorian voice from on high inquired, "John, John, why dost not thou feed my voters? Verily, I tell thee, John Anderson, thou art a shepherd of citizens. Many are called but thou art chosen to enlighten the least of thy brethren. I charge thee to unify people and steel them to do some more rendering unto Caesar." Another possibility is that they've decided to pass the presidency around among the members of the Trilateral Commission and it just came up Anderson's turn.

It takes one to know one, and Nixon had no difficulty in recognizing how skillful the Carter people were at running a presidential campaign.

Neither of the above will satisfy people who prefer the paranoid style of politics. For them the Trilateral Commission is last year's conspiracy, as dead as Nelson Rockefeller. The paranoids prefer to believe that the conspirators are the media conglomerators, who decreed that every tendentious, sententious, self-righteous quack of Dr. Duck would be recorded by a camera crew in hopes that, after the terrible Nielsen ratings of the political conventions, a third candidate would give the race the suspense and interest that draw big numbers.

The role television has played in making a credible candidate out of an obscure Midwestern congressperson underscores another generally unremarked-on aspect of this cam-

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paign: how thoroughly it is administered and bureaucratized. Who is a plausible candidate and who is a madman, who has money for bumper stickers and who'll go crying without—these are matters no longer determined by an amorphous public in a fumbling way. This year it's the Federal Election Commission, the board of expert advisers to the League of Women Voters, administering the elective process chiefly by making it harder than ever for most people to take part. Archibald Cox and the other goodie-goodies at Common Cold, excuse me, Common Scold—I mean Common Cause—have by now so thoroughly purified the once corrupt campaign process that a smaller percentage of the people in America are allowed to participate actively than in Poland. It's enough to make a person stand around airport terminals handing out Lyndon LaRouche buttons.

> Waiting for a great national leader is like waiting for a meteor: Maybe it'll light up your sky, and maybe it'll smash through your roof.

The Anderson campaign has consisted mainly of a political version of social climbing, wangling invitations to exclusive places, be they debates or a spot on George Gallup's major candidates list. Daily we hear that if this or that works for Anderson it will make him "valid," "credible," "viable," or "respectable." Nothing anyone has suggested will make him interesting. For nine months he has spent his time losing primaries and declaring the American people want to hear him talk, although he has nothing to say. To date, his only remark of note was made outside a St. Louis settlement house to seven black children dancing on the sidewalk: "You know, I had trouble doing close-order drill in the Army because I never had any rhythm. You're lucky to have such nice, natural rhythm." If Ronald Reagan had made that remark the People's Peanut would have called a press conference to say: "Please don't misunderstand me. I don't think my opponent is a racist but I deplore the injection of ancient ethnic stereotypes into the campaign. The American political process has no place for watermelon, no room for code food."

THAT THE *1980 PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN* should look less like the hour of national decision and more like a turkey farm, a gander gabble for three dewlapped, feathery old birds, isn't necessarily a sign of the decline of the republic. Great men are great because they are so rare; since 1789, only seven of our Presidents could be called great.

Great, of course, is not good, nor perhaps even desirable. Woodrow Wilson would have to be on a list of greats. Dear father and doting husband that he was, Wilson was a frightening and appalling public man. Great is too often glorious, and moments of national glory—here as in ancient Persia—mean that the working people get to pay higher taxes and their sons get to die. Of the seven men who can plausibly be called great Presidents (Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, and the two Roosevelts), Jefferson alone was neither a military hero not a wartime President.

One of the advantages of a republic is that it does not depend, in theory at least, on a great man to make it work. Waiting for the long-sought national leader is like waiting for a meteor. Maybe you'll get one and maybe you won't; maybe it'll light up your sky and maybe it'll smash through your roof. That this campaign is a normal one, in that whoever wins will be a mediocre sort of chap, is not necessarily grounds for despair.

Nor is it to be wondered at that the campaign isn't one in which the advocates of different policies and directions are contending with each other. Under our system of governance elections are a secondary and occasional part of the decision-making process. It was no golden era even when the two political parties stood for something and battled it out toe to toe every four years. The formal structure of government was knowingly designed to make party conquest of power nearly impossible. Under a parliamentary system like England's, you vote the party. Your member of parliament may not even live in your district. The party that wins chooses the top people in the government and can, if it chooses, even take over the courts.

That doesn't happen here. Every two years one-third of the Senate is chosen. The presidential candidates are picked by a process utterly separate from the way congressional candidates are chosen. It may take years for a President to have any palpable influence on the courts. Carter's been in office nearly four years and hasn't gotten to pick one Supreme Court justice. Parties have seldom been able to win a landslide that gives them real control. Even Franklin Roosevelt, with his huge congressional majorities, found himself blocked by the Republican-appointed Supreme Court; by the time he began to get his people on the high bench he was losing his ideological majority in congress. Richard Nixon carried forty-nine states in 1972 only to wake up the morning after the election to read that both houses of Congress were still controlled by his opponents.

Since party victory in the European sense is impossible, party politicians tend to adopt whatever is the winning stance, the successful political advocacy of the moment. You can't get elected being different; you must play Me-Too to win and hold office. This is why personality is so often played up over principle in our elections.

Even so, 1980 has a particularly draggy feeling about it. That may arise from the division and confusions that cracked the unity of America's ruling circles, starting with the disagreements over Vietnam. Ever since, the people who play significant roles in policy formation have been at a loss . . . a loss to diagnose what our problem is and a loss for what we ought to do about it. The "volatility" attributed to the voter sentiment in this campaign actually reflects the performances of the leading players. They balance and unbalance budgets and swing from price controls to deregulation, not only in response to normal special-interest group pleadings, but also because they themselves are confused.

Carter talks about "my economic advisers" the way medieval barons talked about "my alchemists and astrologers." Reagan masks his Me-Tooism by striking dramatic poses on minor issues. Anderson parades about in his own small biosphere of civic pulpitry saying nothing much at all. Soon, thank the Lord, the campaign will be over, and then perhaps we can get back to the business of figuring out how to run our society.

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Do we really want to spend $1.5 trillion on NATO over the next decade? Or should we pull the plug on this creaky, unworkable, and obsolescent relic?

DEATH COMES TO THE ARCH-ALLIANCE

By EARL C. RAVENAL

PACTOMANIA, THE GRANDIOSE and widely ridiculed conception of John Foster Dulles, is flying high again. The Russian invasion of Afghanistan, our national humiliation at the hands of the ayatollah, successive rounds of price gouging by OPEC, and other assorted traumas, most of them originating in the Middle East, have inspired schemes of military alliance. Some call for the resurrection of CENTO (the Central Treaty Organization), the fossil of the mid-1950s that committed the United States to defend south Asia. The White House lectures us on our solemn treaty obligations to the Pakistanis. Our secretary of defense goes to Peking and toasts the inchoate Sino-American military alignment. William Safire of the *New York Times* brightly proposes an "energy alliance" comprising a ragbag of nations—the United States, Egypt, Israel, Oman, Somalia, Saudi Arabia, all those emirates, Jordan, Morocco, and Pakistan.

Safire called his confection "a Mideast NATO," and this grand invocation of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is not misplaced. Founded by a dozen signatories (the United States, Canada, Britain, France, the Benelux countries, Italy, Portugal, Denmark, Norway, and Iceland), the organization by 1955 also included West Germany, Greece, and Turkey. Although the headlines are generally focused elsewhere, NATO remains America's quintessential military alliance. As NATO goes, so goes collective defense—and vice versa. Central Europe is the pivot of the arm-wrestling of the two superpowers; there may not be perceptible motion at any given moment, but you can always see the muscles bulging and the arteries pulsing. As China's Deng Xiaoping reminded Defense Secretary Brown, almost everything else in the world is NATO's flank.

During the past year or so, there have been several striking developments which, if pieced together, may have sinister implications for the Atlantic alliance:

—the Soviet military buildup in central Europe, and NATO's intense planning to meet the challenge by improving its conventional arms;

—renewed bickering among the allies about "burden-sharing"—whether the NATO members, particularly West Germany, will meet ambitious targets for increased defense spending;

—Henry Kissinger's merciless speech in Brussels in September 1979 exposing critical flaws in NATO's strategic foundations; and

—the simmering debate over the placing in Western Europe of American "theater nuclear weapons," which will for the first time be able to strike the Soviet Union.

"Disarray" has always been a way of life for NATO—indeed, the word seems to have been invented to describe the Atlantic alliance. But this time, observers sense that the problems won't go away; that they are deeper and more ominous than was previously admitted; that the alliance may not be serving its purpose in a new strategic age; that it may be time to rethink NATO.

Anniversaries of military alliances are occasions for self-congratulation: The

EARL C. RAVENAL teaches international relations at the Georgetown School of Foreign Service. His books include: Never Again: Learning from America's Foreign Policy Failures, *and* NATO's Unremarked Demise.

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obligatory expressions are dusted off and displayed momentarily in chancelleries and executive mansions. April 4, 1979, was NATO's thirtieth birthday. At the anniversary celebration, then Secretary of State Cyrus Vance contributed these shining words:

> NATO is and will remain the cornerstone of our foreign policy. The commitment of the United States to the alliance is unshakable. Our freedoms, our security, and our well-being are irrevocably tied by history, culture, and civilization to the destiny of our European allies with whom we share an unparalleled commonality of interests.

To which President Carter added this benediction:

> Today the Alliance remains as relevant and centrally important to our security and way of life and to the independence of the United States as it was in 1949. Then as now, the firm support of Congress and the American people for NATO reflects their deep conviction that NATO is the cornerstone of United States foreign policy.

Whatever NATO's original "relevance" during the early history of the Cold War, the case for that alliance has long since become taken for granted. Major alternatives—such as the neutralization and reunification of Germany, or the building of a self-reliant Western European military alliance—haven't been seriously discussed since the mid-1950s.

As for the "firm support of Congress and the American people," would it be there if Americans knew what NATO was really costing them? By any reckoning, Europe is America's heaviest financial commitment. In fiscal 1981, the cost of NATO to Americans will be $83 billion, more than half of the administration's $159 billion defense budget request. (To compute NATO's cost to U.S. taxpayers, you must figure all the combat units—even those located in the United States—that we keep primarily for a conflict in Europe. And you must assign to them their full share of "combat support" and Pentagon overhead. Some people would quarrel with this methodology; they say it is too rich. But if you don't include all these costs, in theory you could eliminate the entire cutting edge of our military forces and still have two-thirds of our defense budget left.)

Over the next decade we will have laid out $1.5 trillion just to defend Europe. That's a nice piece of global redistribution—in this case from the mildly affluent here to our wealthier cousins across the Atlantic. A potential war in Europe accounts for at least twelve of the nineteen active land divisions within our peacetime forces. In addition, Europe is the reason for much of our strategic nuclear force because of "extended deterrence," the "nuclear umbrella" that we purport to hold over Europe. Rethinking these European commitments would not save us $83 billion all at once. But after five or ten years of phased reduction to develop a nonprotective attitude toward Europe, we could cut as much as two-thirds.

In fiscal 1981, NATO will cost Americans $83 billion, more than half the $159 billion defense budget proposed by the President.

SURVEYING NATO FROM A current vantage point, we see wall-to-wall strategic problems—apart from such political problems as the chaos in NATO's southeastern anchor, Turkey, which is not even amenable to military remedies. First, there is "the Soviet conventional arms buildup." The Warsaw Pact (established in 1955 as the East's answer to NATO) has 945,000 combat troops, including 640,000 Russians, in northern and central Europe, the area that really matters. Arrayed against them are NATO's 630,000 combat troops, including 260,000 men from the United States (but excluding the 40,000 French troops in Germany independently of NATO). The Warsaw Pact maintains more armor, with 20,500 main battle tanks against NATO's 7,000 (excluding the 888 that France keeps in Germany and eastern France) and it has a substantial advantage in conventional artillery (10,000 tubes against 2,700). NATO has more antitank weapons, and has a slight quantitative edge and a marked qualitative superiority in tactical aircraft, with 1,650 attack planes against 1,600.

Hawkish and dovish experts argue about the numbers and the significance of the numbers (they are not nearly as conclusive as many hawks think they are). But the Russians haven't made things comfortable for NATO. Certain aspects of the Soviet forces—not just the number of troops and weapons but the types of equipment, the configuration and location of units, and the tactical doctrine (which is clearly offensive, stressing surprise, shock, rapid advance, deep penetration)—could be cause for worry, or at least for wonder.

Within NATO itself, there is trouble with "burden-sharing"—the old squabble about whether the European allies are picking up their fair share of the costs. The United States is spending 5.5 percent of its gross national product on defense; our European allies spend, at best, between 2 and 4 percent. And despite the common pledge, exacted by the United States in 1977, that members would raise defense budgets annually by 3 percent above inflation, no sooner did Bonn encounter inflation of 1.5 percent more than anticipated, than Defense Minister Hans Apel took the difference from the 3 percent.

Most of NATO's attention has been devoted to the problem of TNF, theater nuclear forces. At Brussels in December 1979, NATO's foreign ministers agreed to allow the deployment in Western Europe, starting in 1983, of two new American versions of theater nuclear weapons—180 Pershing II ballistic missiles and 464 Tomahawk ground-launched cruise missiles—with ranges, respectively, of 1000 and 1500 miles, long enough to strike almost all of the "European" Soviet Union.

The Russians were not happy about NATO's decision to deploy the new theater nukes. Just before the Brussels decision, one Soviet analyst said it would create "a new strategic situation in Europe. . . . This is the most sensitive area in the world to us. . . . For the moment, we have a rather cold winter before us." One year ago Soviet president Brezhnev made a last-ditch effort to head off the deployment by offering a few explicit carrots and some implicit sticks: "In the course of the next twelve months," he said, "up to 20,000 servicemen, 1,000 tanks and a certain quantity of other military technology will be withdrawn from the territory of the German Democratic Republic." (Western sources estimated that the Soviets had stationed about 400,000 men and 7,000 tanks in East Germany.) So far Brezhnev has kept his word on the limited troop and tank withdrawal. However, Brezhnev's offer to trade some of the medium-range missiles kept in the western Soviet Union was dependent upon what NATO did with its missiles. President Carter perfunctorily rejected the offer, and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko told Western Europe not to dream of using new American nukes as bargaining chips to wheedle concessions from the Kremlin.

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Why would the Europeans, or at least their governments—with some reluctance in Holland, Belgium, and Denmark—want these longer-range nukes? Though measurements of the theater nuclear balance are so subjective that it isn't clear what is being measured, the apparent edge goes to the Warsaw Pact. Europeans feel especially intimidated by the new Soviet ss-20 missiles. By now somewhere between 100 and 200 have been deployed in the western part of the Soviet Union. The ss-20s, even more than NATO's proposed Pershings and Tomahawks, can hardly be classified as merely "tactical." These mobile, three-headed missiles have a 2500- to 3000- or even 4000-mile range; they could hit Western European cities and military installations from northern Norway to Gibraltar. In addition to the ss-20, Western Europeans are worried about the Soviet intermediate-range "Backfire" bomber (there are now about ninety). Not that the Russians exactly have a monopoly on longer-range nuclear delivery systems in Europe. There are the British and French national nuclear forces, the 150 American F-111s based in Britain and the 100 A-6s on carriers, and the 464 Poseidon warheads assigned to the NATO command from the armament of American strategic submarines. Somehow the NATO allies don't count these—though naturally the Russians do.

Ironically, the additional protection afforded by the new American weapons is illusory; they will not even be subject to European control. (Indeed, the Germans insisted that the Pershings and the Tomahawks, unlike the shorter-range American nuclear missiles now under "dual key," be under sole American command.) These new theater nuclear systems aren't an additional implement of NATO's strength; they are just another attempt to express America's commitment to the nuclear defense of Europe.

But the new theater weapons really reflect Europe's abiding distrust of America's defensive commitment. In fact, the thirty-one-year history of NATO could be written in terms of a series of crises in strategic confidence:

—The first was the "great debate" in the U.S. Congress, in the winter of 1950–51, about dispatching troops to Europe. The debate was the last gasp of the "Old Right." They lost, but the "isolationist" position was revealed as an enduring substratum in U.S. politics.

—Between 1951 and 1954, we saw the French drown their own infant, the European Defense Community—a proposal to merge the military forces of Germany, France, and other European countries—whereupon John Foster Dulles threatened an "agonizing reappraisal" of the American connection.

—In the fall of 1956, the United States thwarted the Suez adventure of Britain and France. Several days later, the Americans failed to come to the aid of the Hungarians when their revolt was being crushed by Soviet tanks.

—Even the Cuban missile crisis of 1962, though it happened in our own backyard, posed some unnerving lessons for NATO. It revealed a standoff between the two superpowers at the strategic nuclear level, something that would inevitably call into question America's willingness to risk nuclear destruction to defend Europe.

—In 1962, Secretary of Defense McNamara applied the criterion of "cost-effectiveness" to scuttle the Skybolt missile (an advanced air-to-ground nuclear missile), on which the British had relied to modernize their strategic nuclear force.

—The United States also abandoned, in 1964, the Multilateral Nuclear Force. This ill-conceived scheme would have given Europe its "own" nuclear deterrent in the form of missiles launched from ships with European crews but having an American finger on the trigger.

—When President Charles de Gaulle pulled French forces out of NATO and pushed NATO out of France, in 1965, he rendered uncertain the participation of Western Europe's largest military force and also forced NATO to shift to more vulnerable supply lines.

—The Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968 found NATO reluctant to respond to ambiguous Warsaw Pact military moves. It also cast the indefinite shadow of the "Brezhnev Doctrine" over Yugoslavia and other deviant Communist countries.

—Secretary of State Henry Kissinger's destructive "Year of Europe" speech in April 1973 initiated another year of crisis for the Atlantic alliance. It raised the possibility that the United States might limit its military support in order to force the Europeans to pick up more of the defense tab and to win from them more advantageous trade and monetary treatment.

—In the Mideast war of October 1973 America's European allies barred access to bases, overflight, and the use of ports. The subsequent oil embargo and drastic hiking of prices by the OPEC cartel provoked discord in the West and a propensity to make separate deals with Middle Eastern oil-producing countries. This indicated the extent to which Europe—which is more dependent upon Middle Eastern oil than is the United States—could represent a greater liability than an asset to the United States.

Would an American President really invite the incineration of 100 million citizens to resist a Soviet ultimatum in Europe?

WHAT DOES ALL THIS history prove? First, the crises are not aberrations; they stem from problems implicit in the alliance from the beginning. Second, there is a common thread; they are all expressions of mutual distrust. Third, the crises are not superficial; they wouldn't be crises if they didn't have deep roots.

More than thirty years after the formation of NATO, the defense of Western Europe still rests on the proposition that an American President will invite the destruction of U.S. cities and the incineration of 100 million citizens to repel a Soviet incursion or resist a Soviet ultimatum in Western Europe. That proposition cuts two ways. In one sense, America's war plan—never rejected by any President from Truman to Carter or by any secretary of defense from George Marshall to Harold Brown—is the first use of nuclear weapons, "if necessary," to defend Europe. Thus America threatens to turn local defeat into global suicide. But in another sense, America's nuclear commitment to Europe is not so evident. One word encapsulates this problem: "coupling." Not lifted from an Updike novel or a treatise by Margaret Mead, coupling is a term of art used by geopolitical types to connote the integrity of the chain of escalation—from conventional war in Europe to theater nuclear weapons to the final use of America's ultimate strategic weapon.

For deterrence in Europe to succeed the escalatory chain from troops and tanks to American intercontinental nukes must appear unbroken. But the root of NATO's problem is precisely that

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the United States wants to break that chain. Hoping always to escape the destruction of nuclear war, Washington will put time and distance between the outbreak of war in Europe and the decision to use U.S. strategic nuclear weapons. Indeed, both opposing superpowers might, by tacit agreement, keep their homelands as sanctuaries, planning to fight a limited conventional, or even nuclear, battle in Europe. Understandably this is not a subject of polite conversation among members of the alliance.

But already "decoupling" is America's secret strategy. Henry Kissinger got this logic right at Brussels on Labor Day, 1979. Addressing a private gathering of NATO notables and academic camp followers, he reflected darkly on the validity of the American nuclear guarantee:

> We must face the fact that it is absurd to base the strategy of the West on the credibility of the threat of mutual suicide. . . . And therefore, I would say, which I might not say in office, that European allies should not keep asking us to multiply strategic assurances that we cannot possibly mean or if we do mean, we should not want to execute, because if we execute, we risk the destruction of civilization.

The conference was entitled, "NATO: The Next Thirty Years," but if you believed what Kissinger was saying, there wouldn't be another thirty years.

Kissinger's audience shuffled out of the room, grim and bitter. Yet his remarks should not have been so shocking. Fifteen years earlier, in *The Troubled Partnership*, he had pointed out that the disabilities of NATO are not peculiar to that alliance; they afflict all military alliances of sovereign nations. In dissecting the American strategic connection with Europe, Kissinger discovered a virtual law of alliance: the contradiction between military efficiency and political sovereignty. "There is an increasing inconsistency between the technical requirements of strategy and political imperatives of the nation-states," he wrote. "The dilemma arises because there is no scheme which can reconcile these objectives perfectly so long as the Atlantic Alliance remains composed of sovereign states." Nuclear weapons don't resolve this contradiction—they heighten it. Once they spread beyond the monopoly of one nation, they corrode trust among allies and dissolve commitments. Even if Henry Kissinger spares us all and retires from his quasipublic life, the problem won't go away. The game of "extended deterrence"—the U.S. attempt to spread its nuclear umbrella over far-off situations and less-than-vital interests—is over.

The conference was entitled: "NATO: The Next Thirty Years," but the way Kissinger talked there won't be an alliance in thirty years.

THE DEFECTS IN AMERICA'S commitment to NATO have not gone entirely unnoticed. The proposed remedies have come in several shapes and sizes. Not surprisingly, a succession of American administrations, including Carter's, has favored "quick fixes" to preserve the present arrangements. NATO has given rise to a renaissance of activity by a platoon of energetic planners in the Pentagon. A Washington summit of alliance leaders in May 1978 approved the "Long Term Defense Program," a plan for a more competent and aggressive military stance in Europe.

These "fixes" include deploying numerous precision-guided antitank weapons; "heavying up" three infantry divisions in the United States; improving electronic warfare, communications, and intelligence; standardizing equipment and integrating logistics; augmenting airlift capabilities and prepositioning American combat equipment in Germany; arranging for the shuttling of additional tactical air wings; moving some American units to the attack-prone north central plain of Germany; and planning to mobilize West German reserves.

Some of these moves seem sensible even to critics of NATO, as long as the alliance exists in roughly its present form. But most of the remedies are not so quick and cheap. "Heavying up" the three U.S. divisions will cost about $2.5 billion. Prepositioning American equipment in Germany will run over $3 billion. Shifting American units around Germany might cost several billion dollars for construction alone. The price tag on the ingredients of the Long Term Defense Program is estimated at between $60 billion and $80 billion for the alliance as a whole in the first five years—which exceeds the 3 percent real annual increases pledged by the NATO partners.

Even if these improvements could be financed, America's strategy for defending Europe would still depend on tenuous lines of communication parallel to the front, massive reinforcement across an ocean infested by Russian submarines, and prepositioned equipment lying in warehouses that would be destroyed by Soviet air strikes in the first few minutes of a war.

One view is that America's military relationship with Europe could be improved by increasing our allies' financial contribution to the alliance. Although our European allies do supply 90 percent of NATO's ground forces, they spend considerably less of their GNP on defense than the United States does. But if they were to bear their "fair share," wouldn't they insist on a more European-dominated command? And would the American military, Congress, and public cheerfully relinquish control to our European allies? Not likely. Our diplomatic tradition is: "No American involvement without American control."

Another proposal is to hand over to the European allies greater defensive responsibilities, including the independent use of nuclear weapons. But this scheme, which is dubbed "devolution," requires a high degree of European political unity, and such unity seems to be perpetually beyond Europe's power or preference. Nor would it be easy to create an effective European strategic nuclear force. Merely pooling British and French research and development, financing, and even production would not do. There would have to be a sharing of strategies, crisis decision-making, and above all targeting; and the prospect of joint targeting is more likely to produce mutual distrust than mutual reliance.

And of course there remains the frail hope that in the long run we can negotiate the Russians into reducing their forces in Europe. The current negotiations go by the name of "Mutual and Balanced Force Reductions," or MBFR. (The Russians have never accepted the "balanced" part of it; they simply call them "the Vienna talks.") These negotiations are now almost eight years old. At first the Russians insisted on equal cuts, which would result in unbalanced forces on both sides; NATO insisted on just the converse. When in June 1978, the Soviet Union came around to the NATO formula, NATO refused to accept

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the Russians' figures as a starting point for reductions. The two sides differ by some 150,000 on how many troops the Russians now have in the area. No one should be optimistic that the Vienna talks will produce an early or significant agreement. American negotiators used to receive these facetious instructions: "If you're going to Helsinki [site of the talks on European security and cooperation, completed in 1975], get a hotel room; if you're going to Geneva [SALT II, completed in 1979], rent a flat; if you're going to Vienna [MBFR], buy a house." It's still good advice.

Could we learn to live with NATO's demise, adjusting to its progressive disintegration by gradually disengaging from Europe?

WHEN ALL IS SAID and done, when all the tangled agreements and commitments turn out to be hopelessly ensnarled, it may be that there is no good solution to NATO's problems. In fact, there is a case for doing nothing. This is not a prescription for instantly dismantling the alliance. In this century, old alliances seldom die; they just fade away. They become drained of their real strategic content, and the members hedge on the assurances that were the original raison d'être for the pact.

Something like that seems to be happening to NATO. Could we learn to live with NATO's obsolescence, adjusting to the progressive disintegration by gradually disengaging from Europe? This isn't to be confused with the empty old ploy of threatening withdrawal to stimulate European burden-sharing; the United States would really shed defensive tasks and not harbor illusions about keeping its hand in European decision making. And it would devise nuclear doctrines and postures that more clearly *de*coupled the American strategic force from the defense of Europe.

Naturally, this scheme of disengagement does depend on a few presumptions. First, there is the extremely remote chance that the Russians might seize the opportunity to attack Western Europe. A would-be aggressor must calculate not whether he will win a war, but whether it will be worth it—whether its net gains, after all the destruction, will be greater than what it could have gained without war. That is a very different proposition, and it tends to explain why nations rarely, and certainly not automatically, pounce on weaker neighbors.

Further, a Soviet invasion might even fail—particularly against a victim desperately defending its own territory or its very existence. Even if the Soviets gained some territory, could they retain and digest it? And if they did, would they cut off American commerce and investment? Certainly the Eastern bloc is happy to trade with us now. If that market were lost, couldn't the United States find substitutes? And would the dislocation really shake the very foundations of our society or just shave a percentage point or so off our economic growth?

Finally, one can argue that Europe could successfully conduct its own defense. If Western Europe were to coalesce, it would be the second most powerful entity in the world—more powerful than the Soviet Union, and in some respects more so than the United States. Even now, in comparison with both, Western Europe has greater population (400 million), equivalent economic potential ($2 trillion in gross national product), comparable military manpower (3 million active and 3 million trained reserves), a competent military technology, and the respectable nuclear forces of Britain and France. This inventory suggests nothing about European unity—indeed, continued political fragmentation is most likely. But even if they can't get together, the separate nations of Europe would be formidable military opponents—or, more to the point, military obstacles. West Germany, with its many congested cities, constitutes a natural tank-trap. An attacking Soviet armored force couldn't push to the Rhine in three days, as the professional alarmists would have it. If the Germans chose to defend tenaciously, the Russians would have to halt and reduce each city by artillery and dismounted infantry assault—block by block, house by house, as the Germans themselves had to do in 1943 in the Warsaw ghetto.

More plausible is the fear of "Finlandization"—the possibility that American withdrawal might lay Western Europe open to Soviet influence and pressure. But the real question is: Does the model of Finland, with its sparse 4.5 million population and its limited resources and isolated position, apply to a large, populous, rich, industrially capable, socially whole, politically resolute country, with a military force that would have far more than nuisance value—a country, in short, such as West Germany? Disagreeable as it might be, the United States could live with the normal political accommodations that Germany might make with its powerful neighbor. It takes two to play the game of Finlandization: a willing victim as well as a determined aggressor. Germans have never been remembered as eager victims.

There is more at stake in all of this, however, than the rusting away of NATO. With some hindsight, we see that we have really come to the end of a strategic era. The world that is likely to follow will be marked by a more diffuse possession of power and a wider definition of power. There will be a new array of regional competitors. Ironically, more areas are becoming inaccessible to the superpowers just when both have acquired the technical means to penetrate any area. Far from achieving a Pax Sovietica, or the condominium envisaged by Nixon and Brezhnev, the present superpowers themselves will probably shrink, toward the end of the century, to the status of regional powers.

Traditional alliances are less meaningful in a world where the primary threats are no longer simply military. "Interdependence" will mean more pressure points for terrorists, more opportunities for resource blackmail, more fallout from other nations' industrial and military activities, more shortages and price instabilities because of other nations' patterns of harvests and food demand, more monetary chaos because of some countries' economic abuses and incompetence. The homeopathic theory says that the cure for interdependence is more interdependence, but the likelier remedy would be much less of it. What we could use—and will probably get—is a world of buffers and bulkheads. In that kind of world, Europe would be less central and indispensable, and America's "need" for Europe would gradually diminish.

In this long perspective, it is doubtful that NATO can be repaired on terms that are acceptable to the United States and its European allies and also appropriate to the new international political climate. Under the surface of the old institutions and the old watchwords, NATO is dying a slow and unnoticed death. ❏

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THE ODYSSEY OF THE AMERICAN RIGHT, by Michael W. Miles. Oxford University Press, 371 pp., $19.95.

Requiem for the Old Right

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

BY NOW IT IS NO NEWS TO anyone that public opinion in America has shifted sharply to the right and that an authentic leader of American conservatism may well assume the presidency in 1981. And yet, despite this surge, there is still no adequate treatment of the American Right or of the permutations and transformations it has undergone in the past half-century or so. George Nash's *The Conservative Intellectual Movement in America Since 1945* (1976) was a careful and encyclopedic compendium of the various ideological tributaries and branches of conservatism, but no book has yet come along to describe and analyze the right-wing movement as such and to place it in its historical context.

Michael Miles's uninspired account tries to fill the gap, but unfortunately, it is a notable failure. For one thing, Miles suffers from a basic absence of insight; he simply doesn't understand the conservatives, their various "wings" and incarnations, or what they were and are trying to do. His failure in the foreign policy area is egregious; whenever he gets himself into a hole, he just makes new categories—"isolationist," "internationalist," "old nationalist," and "new nationalist," none of them carefully defined or distinguished from one another. What are we to make of Miles's assertion, for example, early in the book, that Senator Joseph McCarthy "denounced the New Deal and internationalist foreign policy as equivalents of treason," which is followed approximately a hundred pages later by the author's admission that McCarthy was an "internationalist" or (whatever this may mean) a "new nationalist"?

Miles's conceptual confusion—fatal in this kind of enterprise—is just as painfully evident in his discussion of classical or "true" liberalism. In the United States, he asserts, "true liberalism meant true Republicanism," from which it follows that although in England classical liberalism called for free trade, in the United States "true liberalism was compatible with protective tariffs . . . [and] countenanced not only the tariff but huge land grants, tax benefits, and other subsidies to business, which ate its fill at what Vernon Louis Parrington called the 'Great Barbecue.'" Elsewhere, Miles talks senselessly of the "old *laissez-faire* capitalist order and its foreign policies of protectionism and Pacific First."

In tying classical liberalism to the Republican party, Miles could scarcely be more ignorant of nineteenth-century American history. The classical liberal party throughout the nineteenth century was not the Republican, but the Democratic party, which fought for minimal government, free trade, and no special privileges for business. Moreover, *laissez faire* is nothing if not determined opposition to protectionism in any of its guises. As for Pacific First, it was the last of the New England *laissez-faire* individualists who formed the Anti-Imperialist League at the turn of the twentieth century and battled hard against America's imperial conquest of the Philippines and the brutal suppression of the Philippine national independence movement.

Miles also tries to link classical liberalism in America with xenophobia, ultranationalism, "Americanism," and the Know-Nothing party of the 1850s, and he sees modern classical liberalism as a blend of libertarian economics and repression of immigrants. Since this bizarre conjunction depends entirely on Miles's positing of the Republicans as the avatars of classical liberalism, the less said about it the better.

Generally, Miles tries to offer documentation, however feeble, for his rather wild generalizations. But when he refers to the libertarian strand in pre- and post-World War II conservatism he enters a world totally of his own creation. Libertarians, he believes, were opposed to civil liberties; in America, he writes, "the 'libertarians' had a consistent record since the 1930s of defending the free market while attacking the Bill of Rights." Miles also opines that the "'libertarians' derived from the old Protestant right."

WELL, WHO EXACTLY were these libertarians? Miles doesn't bother to say. There were only a handful. The outstanding libertarian, H. L. Mencken, mentioned only in passing by Miles—and as a "conservative"—is justly famous for having fought hard for the Bill of Rights all of his life. So, too did the essayist Albert Jay Nock, who doesn't even rate a mention in Miles; and then there was Nock's leading disciple Frank Chodorov, who gets passing notice (with only marginal distortion) as a "right-wing anarchist." So did all the libertarians. The only person named as a libertarian by Miles is *National Review* editor Frank Meyer. Although Meyer was significantly more libertarian than the other NR editors (not a difficult feat) he did go along with Buckley's expulsion of the libertarians from the conservative movement in the late 1950s, part of the purge of embarrassing "extremists" of all sorts that was to clear the movement's path to future power. And while it is true that Meyer, at least, attacked the Bill of Rights during the 1930s, he could hardly have been termed a libertarian at the time, since he happened to be one of the leading members of the U.S. Communist Party.

Neither were many of these libertarians "Protestants." Meyer and Chodorov were Jewish, Mencken was an atheist, and Nock, although a lapsed Anglican minister, could hardly have belonged to any of the sects that Miles, in his obsolescent way, identifies with the Calvinist Protestants who were supposed to have ushered in the spirit and institutions of Western capitalism.

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD is a contributing editor of INQUIRY. Among his books is America's Great Depression.

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Miles is correct that the modern conservative movement was born as a reaction against Roosevelt's New Deal. Yet although he notes that the Liberty League, the major organization opposing the New Deal in its first term, was formed by conservative Democrats, he soon falls into his usual cadence and portrays the league as a Republican institution. In fact, given the origins of modern conservatism, its nucleus was a necessarily disparate coalition of anti–New Deal forces. The philosophical thrust was provided by libertarians like Mencken and Nock, and the political base was formed by the waning group of classical liberal Democrats like the Liberty Leaguers Albert Ritchie of Maryland and Senator James A. Reed of Missouri.

Most of the opponents, of course, were Republicans, who had never been classical liberals or libertarians. They were led by Herbert Hoover, whose whole political career had been dedicated to foisting the "government-business alliance" on America. In opposing the New Deal's leap into a more advanced form of statism, these Republican politicians were forced to use the unfamiliar rhetoric of classical liberalism, in which they had little genuine belief. After all, what other rhetoric was there? So began that grievous disjunction between high-sounding free market and libertarian discourses and actual statist practice that has marked conservatism ever since.

World War II confused matters further. Many conservative internationalists—like Dean Acheson and Lewis W. Douglas, who had left the early New Deal in disgust with its heterodox economic creeds—were happy to rejoin the Roosevelt team as part of the World War II crusade, and many Progressive isolationists joined the anti–New Deal coalition. In the turbulence of the great leap further to statism during the war, the latter found themselves becoming sympathetic to free-market economics as well. Senators Borah, Nye, and Wheeler are examples in politics; Harry Elmer Barnes, Frank Hanighen, and John T. Flynn among intellectuals.

The right-wing movement thus emerged after World War II very different from what it had been before. Once opposed to domestic statism, in the name of the free market and personal liberty, it came to encompass not only *hostility to war and foreign intervention* but also to American statism in the international arena. When he introduces such labels as "new nationalist" and "Pacific First," Miles gets the whole exceedingly important story muddled.

IN ALL OF MILES'S BOOK there is no hint that the hard core of the political Right was solidly anti-interventionist throughout the postwar years. Senator Wherry of Nebraska, and in the House such ultras as the libertarian Howard Buffett of Nebraska (Robert Taft's midwest campaign manager in 1952), and George Bender of Ohio were opposed to all intervention.

Bender was Taft's right-hand man in the House, and for those who totally identify the American Right with advocacy of militarism, hysterical anti-Sovietism, and global adventuring, this characteristic statement of his from a speech of March 28, 1947, might prove illuminating:

> I believe that the White House program [for aid to Greece and Turkey—the "Truman Doctrine"] is a reaffirmation of the nineteenth century belief in power politics. It is a refinement of the policy first adopted after the Treaty of Versailles in 1919 designed to encircle Russia and establish a "Cordon Sanitaire" around the Soviet Union. It is a program which points to a new policy of interventionism as a corollary to our Monroe Doctrine in South America.

Bender, who collaborated with pacifist scholars and intellectuals, was also fond of referring to Chiang Kai-shek's regime as "fascist," and he considered the Voice of America to be nothing more than "a vast foreign propaganda machine."

Indeed, the opposition to Truman's entry into the Korean War consisted almost solely of the Communist party on the left and the ultraconservative Republicans in the House on the right, which led some liberal publications at the time to refer to the Kremlin–*Chicago Tribune* isolationist axis. It is easy to forget that the right-wingers, in those years, were not the only red-baiters.

One obstacle to analyzing the conservative movement of the early postwar years is exclusive concentration on its undoubted political leader, Robert A. Taft. Although both a free-market man and a noninterventionist, Taft, partly due to his addiction to compromise as a way of life, faltered on both counts throughout his career. Second-echelon militants like Wherry and Buffett are far more revealing of the right-wing ideology of the period than is Taft himself.

But why the ferocious red-baiting? If the conservative movement of the 1930s and 1940s was basically classical liberal and libertarian, as I would contend, how come the witch-hunts against Communists and fellow travelers? How come McCarthyism?

In the first place, we must realize, as even Miles does fleetingly, that Joe McCarthy was not himself a right-winger, but came in fact from the moderate, internationalist wing of the Republican party. Even in his book seeking to indict General George Marshall for continuing "treason," the charges begin no earlier than the middle of World War II. The senator did not use the familiar indictment of Marshall by the right: that he had collaborated in Roosevelt's alleged plot to provoke the Japanese into attacking Pearl Harbor. McCarthy did

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not use this charge against Marshall because he had no quarrel with our entry into that war—only with the alleged "appeasement" of Russia toward the end.

But McCarthy himself is not the major problem. Why did the right wing, even if isolationist on the Cold War, countenance or even cheer McCarthy on? The answer is rooted in what had happened to the conservative movement during the war. Even though it had shut up shop as an organized movement after Pearl Harbor, it had been antiwar, and as such was subjected to repression once the war had started. Antiwar writers like Flynn, Barnes, Mencken, Nock, and Oswald Garrison Villard were driven from their customary outlets by the interventionists. Flynn and Barnes were forced to publish their pioneering Pearl Harbor revisionist pamphlets privately, since no firm would publish them. Various isolationists were jailed as alleged agents for the Germans or Japanese, and, in the most disgraceful act of repression—an attempt to prove seditious conspiracy via content analysis of numerous tracts opposing the war—the U.S. government put dozens of isolationists and others through a lengthy mass sedition trial.

THE CONSERVATIVES WERE understandably embittered at such treatment, and in assessing blame they pardonably hit upon the Communists as at least partly responsible for their plight. Again, it is all too easy to forget that from the onset of the Popular Front, and especially after the German attack on Russia made them ardent prowar converts, the Communists were in many ways the left wing and the point men of the Roosevelt New Deal. They applauded and led the way in repressing isolationists and hailed the Smith Act when it was originally used to arrest Trotskyist opponents of the war effort. When we add the observations that Communism is, to say the least, an aggravated form of statism, and that World War II, as the right wing had predicted, produced a far more powerful Soviet Union, the red-baiting of the right falls into perspective.

The right wing at first did not apply this fierce anti-Communism to foreign policy. But in a sense, McCarthy was a transitional figure in the radical and fateful shift from Old Right to New Right in the mid-1950s. The last gasp of the old, classical liberal Right was its militant opposition to the Korean War—as well as the Andrews-Werdel third party presidential ticket in 1956 (scarcely noted by Miles), which had as its foreign policy plank strict nonintervention in the affairs of other nations. In focusing on such marginalia as the infusion of Catholics into the Right—unbeknownst to Miles, they had been leaders of the isolationist movement in World War II—and in manipulating his old-nationalism/new-nationalism categories, Miles misses the whole point of the shift from Old to New Right. In fact, in all but the most trivial sense, he seems barely aware that such a shift took place at all.

What happened was this. The political leaders of the Old Right began to die or retire. Taft's death in 1953 was an irreparable blow, and one by one the other Taft Republicans disappeared from the scene. In fact, Taft's defeat in the bitterly fought 1952 convention was to signal the end of the Old Right as a political force. It is typical of Michael Miles's myopia that the only difference he sees between Barry Goldwater, the star of the New Right, and the Taftites is that Goldwater was more "optimistic" than they. In fact, Goldwater was—and is—an all-out interventionist in foreign affairs; it is both symbolic and significant that Goldwater was an Eisenhower, not a Taft delegate to the 1952 Republican convention.

The Rusher forces managed, in a scant few years, to transform the Right beyond recognition.

Meanwhile, the intellectual leaders of the Old Right too were fast disappearing. Nock and Mencken were dead or inactive, and Colonel Robert McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune,* died in 1955. *The Freeman,* although the leading right-wing journal in the late forties and early fifties, had never been a powerful force; by the mid-fifties it was weaker than ever. Since the thirties, the Right had suffered from a dearth of intellectuals; it had seemed that all intellectuals were on the left. A disjunction therefore existed between a tiny cadre of intellectuals and writers, and a large, relatively unenlightened mass base. In the mid-1950s, with a power vacuum in both the political and the intellectual areas, the Right had become ripe for a swift takeover. A well-edited, well-financed magazine could hope to capture the dazed right wing and totally transform its character. This is exactly what happened with the formation of *National Review* in 1955.

In a sense, Joe McCarthy heralded the shift when, after his censure by the Senate, he feebly changed his focus in early 1955 from domestic Communism to the championing of Chiang Kai-shek. For *National Review,* led by Bill Buckley and William Rusher, was a coalition of young Catholics—McCarthyite and eager to lead an anti-Communist crusade in foreign affairs—and ex-Communists like Frank Meyer and William S. Schlamm dedicating their energies to extirpating the God that had failed them. NR filled the power vacuum, and with Rusher as point man in the political arena, it managed, in a scant few years, to transform the American right wing beyond recognition. By the early 1960s, the Rusher forces had captured the Young Republicans and College Young Republicans, established Young Americans for Freedom as their campus arm, and had taken over the Intercollegiate Society of Individualists as a more theoretical organ.

By the 1960 GOP convention, Barry Goldwater had become the political leader of the transformed New Right. By 1960, too, the embarrassing extremists like the John Birch Society had been purged from the ranks, and the modern conservative movement was in place. It combined a traditionalist and theocratic approach to "moral values," occasional lip service to free-market economics, and an imperialist and global interventionist foreign policy dedicated to the glorification of the American state and the extirpation of world Communism. Classical liberalism remained only as rhetoric, useful in attracting business support, and most of all as a fig leaf for the grotesque realities of the New Right. (This entity is not to be confused with the fundamentalist factions now on the warpath against abortion and ERA.)

In a few brief years the character of the right wing had been totally transformed: Once basically classical liberal, it had become a global theocratic crusade. Such is the lack of acumen and

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memory among the right-wing masses that few even noted that any shift had occurred—but why does Michael Miles fall into the same trap? ❑

SOVIET DISSIDENTS: Their Struggle for Human Rights, by Joshua Rubenstein. Beacon Press, Boston, 304 pp., $12.95.

The moral minority

LUDMILLA THORNE

EVERY FEW YEARS THE press reports that the "dwindling" human rights movement in the Soviet Union is being decimated by the authorities and is in fact nearing extinction. The movement's leaders are either in exile or are being imprisoned or confined in mental institutions. The question arises: Who is left to carry on?

I remember asking this question of the "father of the Soviet human rights movement," the exiled Aleksandr Yesenin-Volpin, in June of 1972, soon after he had stepped off the train at the Termini railroad station in Rome. He smiled impishly and replied: "The movement is like a hydra—you pluck off one head, and two more appear in its place. There will always be new people to carry on."

Volpin was right, and the appearance of books like Joshua Rubenstein's *Soviet Dissidents: Their Struggle for Human Rights* eight years later, bears testimony to Volpin's words. But what, actually, is the significance of this struggle? And what are its origins and its goals?

Most Americans have probably read something about Sakharov and many have even read something by him. Some may have listened to Solzhenitsyn's Harvard commencement speech or seen televised glimpses of the gaunt faces of certain Soviet dissidents exchanged for two Soviet spies or a Chilean Communist leader. Persons who have a deeper or professional interest in human rights in the USSR may have read Vladimir Bukovsky's excellent memoir *To Build a Castle* or Valery Chalidze's scholarly work, *To Defend These Rights*. But in any of these cases, the viewer or reader is still no better off than that blind man who tries to ascertain the nature of an elephant by contact with one of its numerous, diverse parts. Fortunately, Joshua Rubenstein's book now places the Soviet elephant in focus and connects all of its parts.

Rubenstein, who is the New England coordinator of Amnesty International, succeeds in giving us the first comprehensive historical study of the human rights movement in the USSR, from its beginnings to the present. He traces the major relevant political and literary events in the Soviet Union that preceded the emergence of the democratic movement there. First there was Nikita Khrushchev's stunning speech at the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, which dealt the initial blow to Stalin's "cult of personality" and opened the floodgates.

The publication of Pasternak's *Doctor Zhivago* and Solzhenitsyn's *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* followed, and Yevtushenko's poem "Babi Yar" (the angry young poet of that epoch is by now considerably mellower and more conformist). This phase, known as the "thaw," was a form of cultural opposition to political repression, but in February 1966 it took on the nature of a human rights protest with the trial of the writers Andrei Sinyavsky and Yuli Daniel.

The importance of this transition cannot be overemphasized. Petitions and letters in support of the two authors descended on the regime from within and outside the country. These and the subsequent appearance of a *samizdat* transcript of their trial laid the foundations for the human rights movement as we know it today. Two years later, when the Ginzberg-Galanskov trial became the focus of attention, more than a thousand people signed protests against the trial, and the *Chronicle of Currents Events* soon began to present systematic accounts of all such protests. From then on, documentary material, letters of protest, transcripts of political trials, and descriptions of current prison life began to circulate with an ever increasing tempo.

The chain reaction of arrests, trials, protests, and new arrests is described by the author in massive and accurate detail. He points out that the human rights movement in the Soviet Union was not and is not a political phenomenon. Rather, it is a moral movement; its demand is that the government respect the laws of the land. There are no plans for political parties or platforms. All of us who are in close touch with Soviet dissidents are often reminded of this fact, and there are those who believe that herein lies the movement's weakness.

THIS QUESTION CAN BE argued both ways. On the one hand. it is easy to understand the dissidents' point of view: that their movement's strength derives from its being "above politics." On the other hand, Western critics often say that without political goals and demands, the movement is headed for a dead end.

But the significance of the movement is that by injecting certain standards of morality and justice into Soviet life after an absence of over sixty years, not only Soviet Russia, but our perception of it as well, has been permanently changed. In the words of Anatoly Yakobson, a literary critic who became a central figure in the movement, "since the Sinyavsky-Daniel trial, since 1966, not a single arbitrary or violent act by the authorities has passed without a public protest, without censure. This is a valuable tradition, the start of people's *self-liberation.*"

Further developments, such as the creation in 1969 of the first human rights "organization," the Action Group for

LUDMILLA THORNE is the editor of Freedom Appeals, *a human rights journal published by Freedom House.*

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the Defense of Civil Rights, and the more recent Helsinki Watch Groups are all well documented by Rubenstein. He carefully sets forth both their underlying philosophies and their activities. The complex relationship between the "Zionists" (Soviet Jews whose primary goal is emigration to Israel) and the democrats is also explored with great understanding.

In the chapter titled "Détente and the Dissidents" Rubenstein draws on Russia's historical debate over its relationship with the West. He goes back to the westernizer Pyotr Chaadaev and the Slavophile Konstantin Aksakov, both of whom espoused their positions more than a century ago, and finds echoes of these positions today in the views of Sakharov, a modern-day "westernizer"; Solzhenitsyn, often seen as a "neo-Slavophile"; and Roy Medvedev, who suggests that meaningful change is possible within the limits of Marxism-Leninism.

A part of Solzhenitsyn's attitude on détente is that certain economic difficulties like shortages of bread and meat and fewer consumer goods might provoke widespread disaffection in the Soviet Union, perhaps even food riots similar to those that occurred in Poland in 1970. Then, according to Solzhenitsyn, the regime would be willing to relax controls.

"But this seems unlikely to happen," states Rubenstein, pointing out that after the riots in Poland there were no concessions in the Soviet Union. Here, however, Rubenstein's argument seems to me flawed in two respects. First, it is hardly reasonable to expect real concessions or relaxation of controls in one country (the USSR) if the riots, as in 1970, actually occurred in another country (Poland). And in view of what has just happened in Poland, who can say what would occur if 300,000 Soviet workers were to follow in the footsteps of their Polish comrades? Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn could very well be proven right. Faced with a similar situation, the Soviet authorities, like their Polish counterparts, may also be forced to "relax controls."

Although the workers in the Soviet Union have not yet reached the stage of unity and awareness of their own strength attained by the Polish workers, a fledgling workers' movement is under way in the USSR. The short-lived strikes which occurred earlier this year in Togliatti and Gorkiy cannot be compared with those at Gdansk, but neither can their significance be overlooked.

Rumblings about the creation of a free trade union in the USSR first spilled into the Western press in December 1977; a forty-five-year-old mine foreman from the Donetz coal basin, Vladimir Klebanov, and a group of fellow workers met with Western correspondents and announced the creation of a Free Trade Union Association. A charter was drafted by the association and endorsed by 110 workers. Soviet authorities responded by dispatching the dissident workers to a variety of prisons and labor camps, and Klebanov and several associates were committed to psychiatric hospitals.

Late in 1978, Klebanov's group, practically destroyed, was followed by the Free Interprofessional Association of Workers (SMOT), which, in spite of the incarcerations that shrink its ranks, continues to survive. Like the human rights movement, SMOT is small in number (it represents 200 workers), but its very existence and emerging contact with the democrats give rise to a great deal of hope, both here and in the USSR. There was a time when Lenin and his friends comprised a not much larger group. ❑

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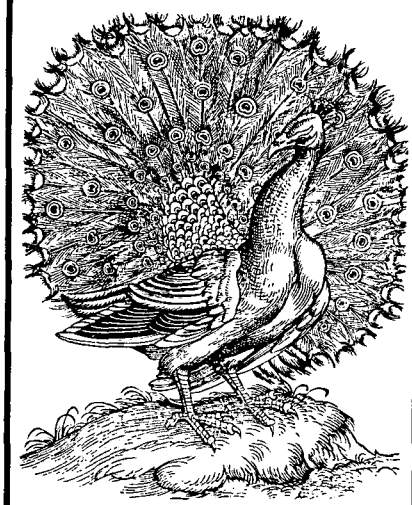

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CHRISTIANITY, SOCIAL TOLERANCE, AND HOMOSEXUALITY: Gay People in Western Europe from the Beginning of the Christian Era to the Fourteenth Century, by John Boswell. University of Chicago Press, 424 pp., $27.50.

Gods, gays, and scholars

VERN L. BULLOUGH

HOMOSEXUALITY AS A field of study is out of the closet and into the university presses, a sure sign of academic acceptance. This is the third book dealing with homosexuality in history published by a university press in the past year. The change has been a rapid one. Just a few short years ago, one of the more prominent university presses refused to deal with the subject at all, fearful it would give the public the wrong impression. Now that the university presses have entered the arena, scholarly books about homosexuality will undoubtedly appear in increasing numbers. The indicators are already evident: Scholarly articles and monographs on the subject have spilled over from the few journals devoted to sexual studies to almost every kind of scholarly journal that can justify including an article about sexual behavior. The number of graduate dissertations in the field has escalated as students are no longer discouraged or forbidden from investigating stigmatized behavior and dangerous topics.

John Boswell's book goes over the same territory as some other recent books although not in quite the same detail. He briefly surveys homosexuality in ancient Greece, touches on events in Rome, and mentions some of the Biblical and early Christian attitudes, but his emphasis is on the Middle Ages, particularly the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and this is where the book is most valuable and original. Even in his summary of others' scholarship, however, Boswell emphasizes factors that too often are overlooked.

Among VERN L. BULLOUGH's books are Sexual Variance in Society and History *and* Homosexuality: A History. *He is dean of the faculty of natural and social sciences at SUNY College at Buffalo.*

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For example, he is at his best in reexamining some of the sources in which translators and editors of the past have either deliberately ignored or disguised the existence of homosexuality by such devices as changing gender identity or putting sexual references into nonsexual terms. He is particularly, and I must say rightly, critical of the translations issued by the Loeb Library, usually regarded as the most scholarly of translations. One of the high points of his study is the chapter on "The Triumph of Ganymede: Gay Literature of the High Middle Ages." This is an original and insightful discussion of such writers as Baudri of Bourgueil (1046–1130) and such twelfth-century dialogues as the "Debate Between Ganymede and Helen," which compares homosexuality and heterosexual love. Also valuable is his treatment of the literature of Muslim Spain as it deals with gay themes.

Boswell is less good on what might be regarded as sexological topics. For example, he reports the Kinsey estimates of numbers and percentages of homosexuals without noting the limitations of such data. Kinsey did not survey the population of the United States, but rather drew a sample of American volunteers. What Kinsey reports is the percentages expressed by his volunteer sample. Boswell qualifies his statements by indicating that it is impossible to get data on numbers in the Middle Ages, but compounds his confusion by leaving the impression he is using the Kinsey reference scale for exclusively homosexual persons although almost none of the people in the Middle Ages he discusses would have met this definition. What Boswell is talking about is not gay people or even homosexual activities but attitudes toward gay people and literary references to homosexuality—which might not be the same thing.

The danger of this confusion is central to my disagreement with Boswell's thesis that the basic hostility to gay people did not emerge until the High Middle Ages. He argues that only toward the end of the twelfth century does ecclesiastical and civil hostility to homosexuality become dominant. Before that time Catholic Europe accepted homosexual bishops with equanimity and canonized people for whose homosexuality there was some evidence.

There is, however, a difference between homoerotic sentiments and homosexual conduct, between a literary metaphor and reality, and—above all—between the church's official stance and its ability to take action. For example, it is by no means clear whether, when one addresses a friend in intimate, even romantic terms, this is an expression of homoerotic love or the custom of the day. Researchers find some of the same difficulty in dealing with expressions of affection between women in the nineteenth century, when terms and phrases that today would clearly indicate a lesbian relationship might have been only a gushing form of endearment.

Catholic Europe accepted gay bishops with equanimity until the twelfth century, says Boswell.

This becomes important because I would argue that hostility to homosexuality was deeply engrained in the western church by St. Augustine, and reinforced by numerous other church fathers. It appears in the penitentials (early guides for confessors in fixing penances), which Boswell generously ignores, and in various other writings, some of which he quotes. Boswell dismisses some of this hostility by saying the church also condemned such activities as hypocrisy, gluttony, adultery, and prostitution, but he does not differentiate between any of these and homosexuality.

There was a difference, a radical difference, and this might be illustrated by comparing prostitution and homosexuality. St. Augustine also condemned prostitution but justified it as a necessary evil. For St. Augustine, prostitution might still result in conception, which he felt was the only justification for sex. Homosexuality, however, could not. There was also always the hope that the prostitute herself could be saved, and there was the continuous Biblical example of Mary Magdalene. No such charity was demonstrated by St. Augustine toward the person who actually engaged in homosexual activity. Though St. Thomas Aquinas and others questioned some of St. Augustine's assumptions, Aquinas essentially reaffirmed Augustinian standards.

CONDEMNING AN ACTIVITY and moving effectively against that activity are two different things, and during much of the Middle Ages the church was not in any position to do the latter. Still there were measures, like the Visigothic law code stipulating castration, which Boswell dismisses as an aberration, that I think represented unsuccessful efforts of the church to enforce its standard. With the growth in centralization and power of the church—specifically with the development of canon law—the church was better able to enforce its teachings on this subject. The result was institutionalization of a religious condemnation of homosexuality, and this was carried over into both civil and common law. It also appears in many other areas of sexuality, as has been noted by James Brundage, authority on canon law at the University of Wisconsin.

Perhaps the best contemporary example in this election year would be the platforms adopted by the national political parties. They may mean little because the ability of the party to implement them is questionable. But if, let us say, the Republican party were to gain victory and a Jesse Helms could call the shots on "social issues," then the 1980 GOP platform would have to be taken more seriously. By the thirteenth century, the church was powerful enough to insist on the enactment of its long-held platform planks and effectively cemented its hostility to homosexuality. We have been chipping away at that structure ever since.

Obviously Boswell's thesis deserves a hearing. Are we dealing with an antagonism to homosexuality that is deeply embedded in the neoplatonic Augustinian tradition, as I hold, or are there more important factors, which Boswell does not name? Michel Foucault has argued that the change in attitudes came in the early modern period; Boswell takes it to the thirteenth century; I would argue that it is endemic to traditional Christian thinking. Boswell's work is important for raising the issue. Other researchers will have to give a definitive answer. Boswell's work can well serve as a cue. His book is well footnoted and includes references to most of the current work on the subject. The University of Chicago Press is to be commended for doing its usual excellent job—nowadays too rare among publishers—in the production and presentation of the book. ❑

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FILM

GLORIA, directed by John Cassavetes.

Gloria hallelujah

STEPHEN HARVEY

JOHN CASSAVETES'S MOvies have always attracted a small but highly demonstrative coven of admirers, and during a recent retrospective of his work at the Museum of Modern Art the New York City chapter filled every screening to capacity. These mavens avidly embrace the tenets of his art, best represented by the likes of *Faces, Husbands,* and *A Woman Under the Influence*—films that thrust their bloated, grainy, mottled selves at you, hoarsely shrieking that what they offer is Life Unexpurgated. The people trapped inside these movies tend to scream and punch and kvetch and cry in eternal long takes, photographed with overly deliberate artlessness. Others may find all this hyperthyroid inertia merely exasperating, but to Cassavetes aficionados, it's a harsh reflection of the tedium and pain of reality. As far as I'm concerned, his premises have been based on some rather frayed notions of naturalism, and are no more satisfying as art or diversion than they are persuasive in the mirror-of-truth department. For this school of thought, untethered emotion is the purest, most authentic form of human experience, best expressed via images so muddied and opaque that they must reveal the truth—if only because they don't look much like your standard moviemaking artifice.

Whether his vision is unsparing, as some claim, or merely stunted, Cassavetes's most recent films have been so thoroughly shunned by all but the most rabid devotees that Robert Altman seems like a mass media icon by comparison. *The Killing of a Chinese Bookie* expired with dispatch in the few theaters where it managed to surface, and *Opening Night* suffered a fate rare in moviedom: After a preliminary run in Los Angeles, it simply folded, never again to turn up for a commercial showing anywhere in the United States. No filmmaker can survive, in an economic sense, by remaining a cultists' darling, and few would want to in any case. Cassavetes's newest film, *Gloria,* grew out of his expressed desire to prove that he too could create a commercial movie accessible to a wider audience. If this be compromise, may it happen to every intransigently solipsistic filmmaker. With this movie, Cassavetes has disciplined his muse while freeing himself from crabbed case-history and leaping into the exhilarating realm of urban-based fantasy. The result is captivatingly eccentric—easily the most original American movie thus far this year.

In broad outline, *Gloria* doesn't seem to be such a startling departure for Cassavetes; once more he's created a vehicle for his resident diva, Gena Rowlands, and again the subject is a clutch of low-lifes who hover close to mortal peril. This time, though, Rowlands is not her usual life-buffeted victim. Here she embodies an underworld good fairy, swathed in the glad rags that are the divine right of every hard-boiled dame who ever sauntered and wise-cracked her way across the movie screen. Her right hand cradles, instead of a magic wand, a silver-plated revolver—expedient when you're being menaced by a brace of gangland gorillas and not your basic assortment of Grimm hobgoblins. The beneficiary of all this heavenly intervention is, as usual, an ill-fated orphan, but scarcely an archetypal defenseless cherub: He's a half-Hispanic, street-smart urchin, his puny chest swelling with bravado and his lower regions stirred by an overly precocious libido. What's more, our heroine, Gloria Swenson, instinctively loathes kids (this one in particular), and her charge isn't exactly nuts about her either.

Cassavetes's basic inspiration was to combine an aura of authentic inner-city danger with fanciful touches out of old screwball comedies and gangland melodramas, so that you spend most of the movie poised between tense apprehensiveness about the fate of these outmatched underdogs, and howls of delight over the incongruous mixture. Secreted in an apartment house in the grim shadow of Yankee Stadium, Gloria bargains for nothing more than a cup of coffee when she knocks on a neighbor's door one day. Instead, what she gets is seven-year-old Phil (John Adames) thrust into her unwilling hands for safekeeping; his daddy (Buck Henry), an accountant for the Mafia, has tattled to the feds, and the whole family has been marked for annihilation. This puts Gloria into something of a double bind, since these assassins, hot on the trail of the kid and of the financial records that are his father's legacy, turn out to be underlings of Gloria's own former sugar daddy, *il capo di tutt'i capi,* no less. So she and little Phil take it on the lam, and the rest of the film is a kind of backhanded, picaresque tribute to the grungy efficacy of the New York transit system, from gypsy cabs to the IRT local.

In fact, Gloria's first close encounter with these would-be hit men is a brutal and hilarious illustration of that old canard about never being able to find a cab in New York when you really need one. Gloria's quicksilver reflexes when she's cornered are matched by Cassavetes's deft orchestration of this sequence—a revelation of suspense and witty timing, especially compared with the torpid improvisational rhythms that are his usual forte.

Ms. Swenson is chock-full of surprises, and Rowlands plays her most winningly as a tangle of seeming contradictions. She shifts her weight uneasily from one foot to the other and lopes incognito through this Bronx backwater in magenta couture togs, looking about as inconspicuous as a mastodon in Yonkers. Back on her own turf, she's the

STEPHEN HARVEY is INQUIRY's film reviewer. He is coordinator of the film study program, Museum of Modern Art, New York City.

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epitome of world-weary lethargy. In the city jungle, Gloria's got nerves of carborundum and a voice like glass-studded concrete. "Here are your options," she spits at a tyro mobster whose cranium is blocking the range of her shotgun, "ya got two." No fool he, the gent settles for alternative number one. Later on, forcing one of her hunters to confront her unarmed in broad daylight on a crowded side street, Gloria beckons him forward with an airy wave of her weapon hand. "Come on," she purrs with seductive venom, "I'd love it." There hasn't been an avenging angel on such a grand and gothic scale since Bette Davis made life miserable for Eduardo Ciannelli in *Marked Woman*. (I'd like to think that Davis gave Rowlands lessons in tough-cookiehood between takes of the recent TV movie in which they played mother and daughter.)

*IN BETWEEN THESE ADMI-*rable examples of what assertiveness training is all about, Gloria and Phil pass much of their time like every other self-respecting contemporary couple—defining the parameters of their relationship. When seven-year-old Phil happens to decide that, compared to Gloria's potential as sister, pal, or mother *manquée*, the prospect of her as lover is the best of a bad bargain, Gloria, in their flophouse-hideout, nonchalantly hauls off and heaves him off the bed. Not that she lacks heart altogether—what movie moll ever did? In a scene no less touching for all its unflinching descent into hokum, Gloria escorts the boy to a random cemetery and orders him to utter a few words of farewell to his departed family—any tombstone will do, since "all dead people's together anyway."

Gloria wouldn't be an unmistakable Cassavetes movie without its share of repetitive longueurs, and this slender, essentially two-character gambit is padded to run a full two hours. As it unreels we're treated to about three too many wrangles and reconciliations, in the course of which one or the other protagonist inevitably threatens to take a powder once and for all. At the same time, Cassavetes's script contains a number of curious ellipses. You'd have to read Columbia Pictures' press kit to discover that Gloria was a chorine before she turned courtesan, and that the haven to which the two repair on their first night in hiding belongs to her unseen and unmentioned sister. Even the most perspicacious studio publicist would be at great pains to explain what a woman with so much cash squirreled away in safe deposit boxes is doing living in a slum on the lower Grand Concourse in the first place—and how the two runaways manage to keep their strength up during their ordeal since they never seem to find the time to eat anything.

I for one don't demand plausibility from fairy tales as long as they are as exciting and ingratiating as *Gloria*. (And as long as it's going to be set in New York rather than Oz, I'm grateful to any movie that finds fresh terrain to explore in this overexposed city, distinctively photographed here by Fred Schuler in bright, hard-edged hues.) *Gloria* may not turn out to be the crowd-pleaser Cassavetes had hoped for—its idiosyncrasies are probably too pronounced, and the captious won't find Adames's pint-sized smarty much easier to take than the rest of his celluloid species. Nevertheless, *Gloria* is a bracing surprise coming from the heretofore predictable renegade who made it. Intentionally or not, Cassavetes has proven that after flailing about in the brackish pool of verisimilitude all these years, there's nothing so invigorating as a headlong plunge into undiluted fiction.

OUT AND AROUND

The Special Edition—Close Encounters of the Third Kind—The ads proclaim, "Now There Is More," but the sum total is considerably diminished; Spielberg really should have left well enough alone. Mostly he's trimmed sequences from the central third that dealt with Richard Dreyfuss's mound obsession; it all moves more quickly, to be sure, but some of the interstitial logic has been excised in the process. More crucially, the much-heralded new finale, in which the hero enters the spacecraft, is a distinct anticlimax so miscalculated as to make you wonder whether Spielberg understood what made his film so thrilling the first time around. What separated *Close Encounters* from *Stars Trek* and *Wars* was that it was about a compelling idea, rather than mere hardware cannily manipulated. The new ending mars the crescendo rhythms and tantalizing ambiguity of the first version's great last sequence, just to satisfy your curiosity about what the interior looks like. And as it turns out, it's no great shakes—in fact, rather reminiscent of your average Hyatt Regency lobby on a slow night. Still, despite all the tampering, *Close Encounters* remains an emotionally exalting movie—unquestionably the most superlatively entertaining of all this summer's releases.

Middle Age Crazy—Okay, the setting is contemporary Texas, and the hero a devoted family man afflicted with the forty-year itch; his sensuous wife suffers valiantly, and hubby comes to his belated monogamous senses in time for a ruefully upbeat fadeout; lots of country-western tunes twang over the soundtrack. *Honeysuckle Rose*? No, although the description fits that one too. Shatzberg's film may have been achingly predictable, but at least it had Willie Nelson's sad-canine gaze and whiskey tenor, some pretty photography, and Dyan Cannon's boundless good humor. *Middle Age Crazy* instead features another limp, bedraggled turn from Bruce Dern, camera work that looks as if it had been blown up from Super-8, and appallingly clumsy casting in most of the supporting roles—although Ann-Margret's aging-sexpots-have-feelings-too number has its moments, as usual. After *Urban Cowboy* and these two, somebody should start the Texan Anti-Defamation League—aren't the folks of the Lone Star State getting a little tired of movies telling them what good, simple souls they are?

Hopscotch—Walter Matthau, rumpled and crusty and shrewd as ever, gets peeved at his employer, the CIA. With the collaboration of retired agent and quondam girlfriend Glenda Jackson, acidulous as ever, he writes a memoir that exposes all. As spy comedies go, *Hopscotch* is exceedingly genteel; when was the last espionage movie you can recall in which absolutely no one got killed? The action ricochets between Washington, Austria, England, and the Caribbean, but for all the atmosphere the movie captures, everyone might just as well have stayed on some cozy backlot. Matthau and Jackson pass through all this effortlessly, as well they should, having trotted out the same performances in similar piffle all too frequently in recent years. ❏

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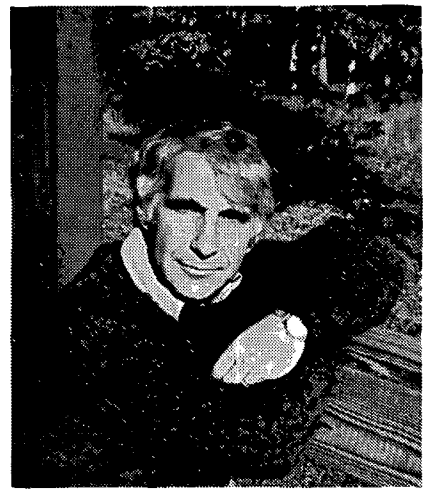

Peter R. Breggin, M.D. is a psychiatrist in private practice in the Washington, D.C. area, and the author of five books and many articles dealing with psychiatry. Formerly a Teaching Fellow at Harvard Medical School and a fulltime Consultant with the National Institute of Mental Health, he is now Director of the Center for the Study of Psychiatry. Internationally known as America's leading critic of oppressive psychiatric technology, he now responds to the question, "What have you got to offer that's better?" His answer is a systematic, yet common sense presentation of the psychology of self-determination.

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